

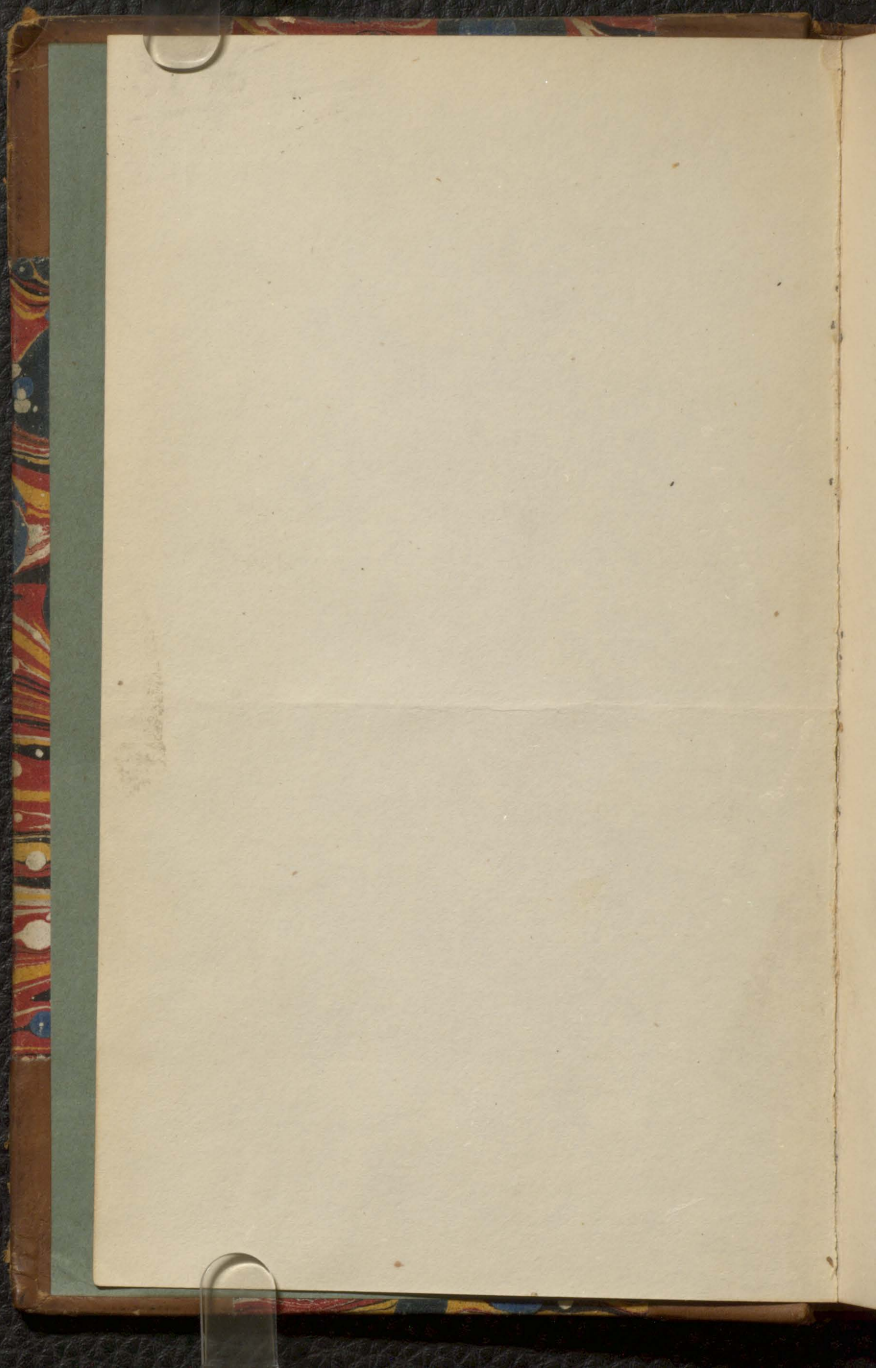
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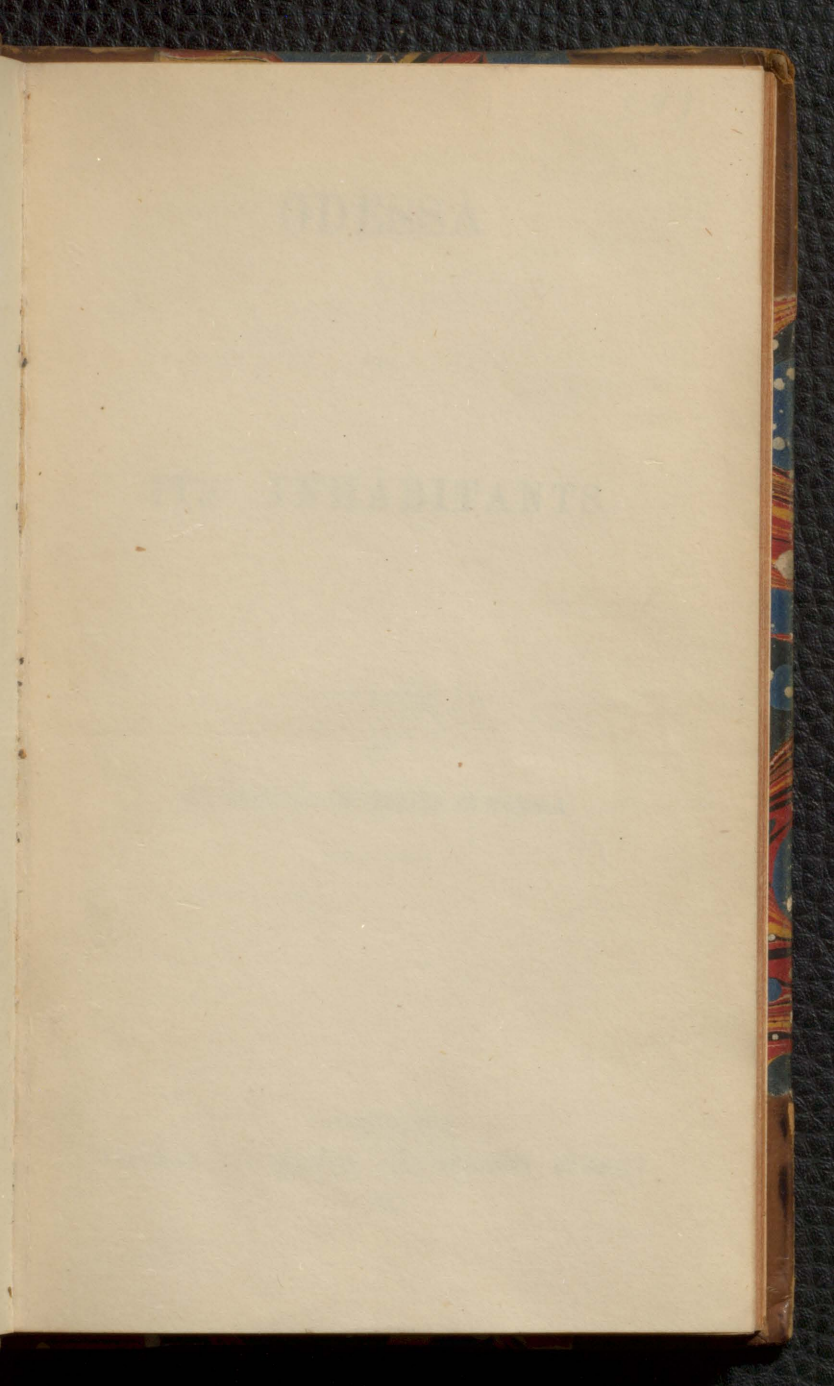
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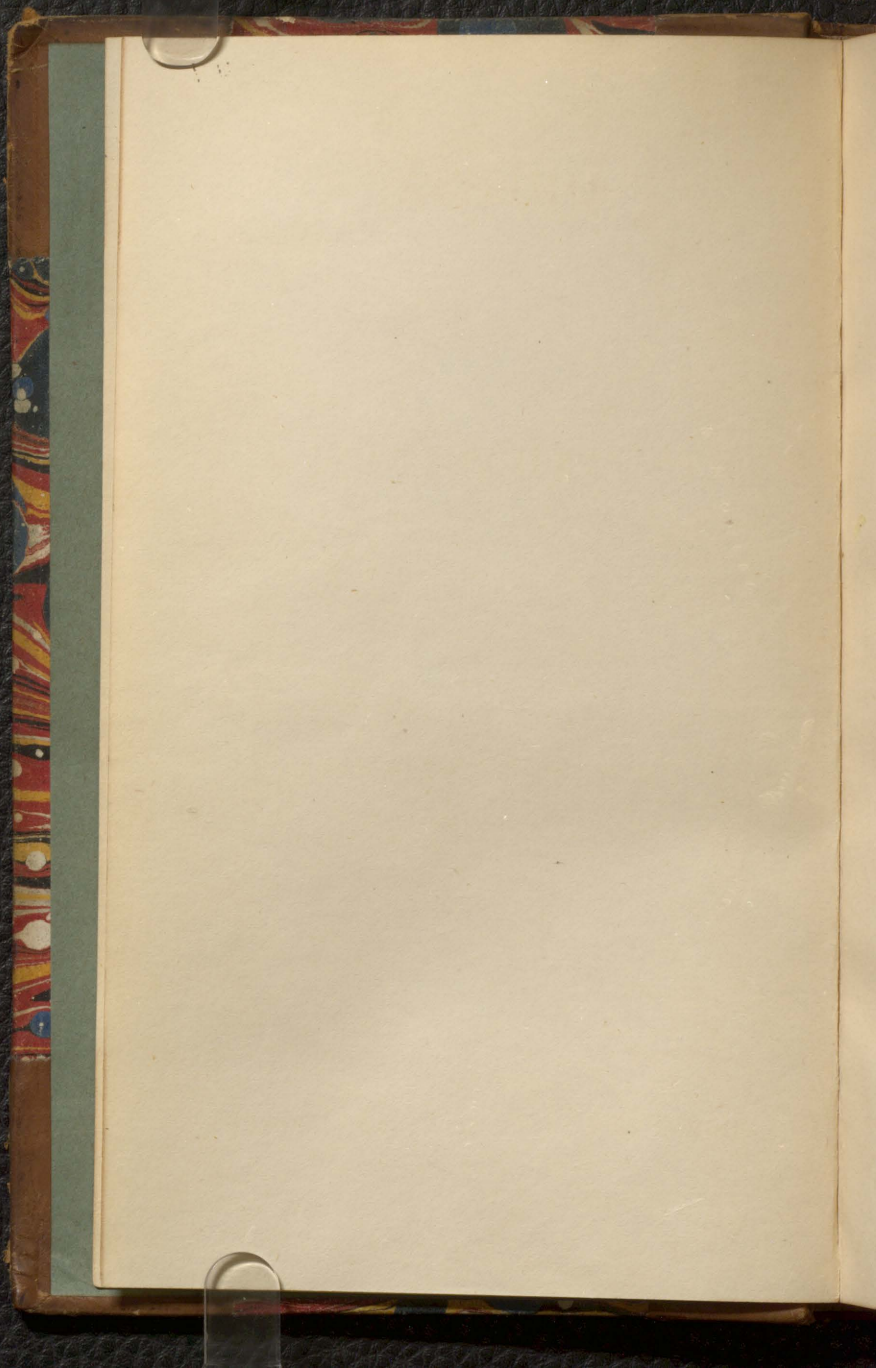


[Barker, W. B.]











ODESSA  
AND  
ITS INHABITANTS.

BY  
AN ENGLISH PRISONER IN RUSSIA.

*Can a*

LONDON :  
THOMAS BOSWORTH, 215, REGENT STREET.  
1855.

*Bos*

LONDON :  
G. J. PALMER, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.



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Chapter I. The Discovery and Settlement of the United States—  
Chapter II. The Growth of the United States—  
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Chapter IV. The Decline of the United States—  
Chapter V. The Future of the United States—

CHAPTER I. THE DISCOVERY AND SETTLEMENT OF THE UNITED STATES

The discovery of the United States by Christopher Columbus in 1492 is one of the most important events in the history of the world. It led to the settlement of the continent by Europeans and the development of a new nation. The early years of the United States were marked by struggle and hardship, but the people of the United States have shown a remarkable ability to overcome adversity and build a great nation.

CHAPTER II. THE GROWTH OF THE UNITED STATES

The growth of the United States has been a remarkable phenomenon. From a small colony of settlers in 1492, the United States has grown into a great nation with a population of over 300 million people. This growth has been the result of a combination of factors, including the discovery of the continent, the settlement of the land, and the development of a new nation.

CHAPTER III. THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE UNITED STATES

The development of the United States has been a process of continuous growth and change. From the early years of settlement, the United States has developed into a nation with a strong economy, a democratic government, and a rich cultural heritage. The development of the United States has been the result of the efforts of the people of the United States, who have shown a remarkable ability to overcome adversity and build a great nation.

# ODESSA

AND

## ITS INHABITANTS.

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### CHAPTER I.

Proposed simple narrative—The Author's account of himself—Is born at Taganrock—Sent to Malta for his education—Enters the navy at an early age—Sent off to the coast of Africa—Visits London and the Exhibition of 1851—Joins another ship going to Constantinople with Lord Stratford de Redcliffe on board—The vessel goes to the Piræus—First Greek impressions—He studies the language—Is ordered to America—Returns home, and transferred to the Tiger—Proceeds to Constantinople—Anecdotes of some Turkish lads—Inference he draws.

“LOOKERS-ON see more of the game than the players,” will perhaps be the inference the reader will draw after the perusal of this volume.

I have to solicit the kind indulgence of the



public to my following observations regarding the town of Odessa and its inhabitants; I will plainly relate such facts as have come to my knowledge therein, without any attempts at "fine writing," or any view or desire of influencing the political bias of the reader on the current topics of the eastern question. Having premised that my object is more to amuse than to instruct him, I shall proceed, without further prelude, to relate the circumstances that led to my becoming "an English prisoner in Russia," and he shall perhaps be told why I now write these lines—I do not say that I shall keep this latter promise—but, "we shall see."

I was born of German parents, naturalized British subjects, who resided at Taganrock. I early learned my mother tongue, and Russian became as familiar to me. At the age of ten years, my father, who had cared for my education himself up to that time, sent me to Malta for its completion. There I, of course, soon acquired Italian, and was regularly instructed in French. English was the next language I

studied, and I had learned only a little of it, when, in the year 1847, I entered the navy as a midshipman. This appointment was procured for me through the interest of a maternal uncle, in some way connected in business with an Alderman, whose sister had married a clerk in the Admiralty. The nomination had been intended for some near relation of the former—a lad who suddenly died of cholera, and thus his good luck was transferred to me; and at the age of fourteen, I had the honour of treading the deck of a brig-of-war, which was then lying at Malta, short of hands, a number of her officers having died from fever, on the coast of Tripoli of Barbary.

Proud of my uniform, and still prouder of having a few men under my command, I strutted about, the liveliest and the gayest of the gay. The captain was kind to us, and as I evinced a desire to learn, one of the senior officers kindly taught me what he knew, and with a little quickness of perception, I soon acquired all that is requisite to pass muster in



the world, which is generally indulgent to us middies, from a feeling of compassion, I suppose, at the hardships we are supposed to undergo. Three years passed pleasantly enough; during this time we were on the coast of Africa. In 1851 the ship was ordered home. I had only a fortnight on shore, of which I availed myself to visit the few friends I had in London, and took an opportunity of seeing the Exhibition. Everybody was so kind to me, the world was so bright, everything smiled around me, and I thought myself certainly in the happiest of lands, and with the most delightful people! (It will be recollected that this was my first experience of life.) At all the parties to which I was invited, the urbanity of the company particularly pleased me, and I thought how sweet it was to see every one living in such concord. Young ladies smiled—old ladies called me their “dear,”—and I was the happiest of the happy!

In spite of its golden brightness, time flew on, and I was soon ordered off for a cruise in



the Mediterranean, on board the steamer that conveyed Lord Stratford de Redcliffe to Constantinople. The grandeur of this place appeared to me quite dim, after leaving the land wherein I had spent the happiest fortnight of my life. We next proceeded to Athens, where the captain took up his abode, so that the vessel was much in port, and we were given frequent opportunities for going on shore. We used to have shooting parties in the environs of Athens, and many a partridge have I brought back, delighted at my success in the sport. So far, my heart had been as free as air; but the gazelle eyes of a Greek lass soon bewitched me; and, inspired by my desire to converse with her, I made great progress in the Greek language. I shall not easily forget how I was first taught to pronounce the sweet words "Zoïmou sagapo," and my delight at finding out their meaning. I engaged a master, and in a few months I was an adept in the language of my beloved, and had even read a volume of

"Homer," translated into modern Greek verse, which I procured, and which was published at Vienna, in 1817. It has the text on one side of the page, and the translation on the other. It is accompanied by copious notes, and there are many wood cuts, that drew my attention more particularly to the mythology of the ancients. This led me to buy a second-hand "Lemprière," and read up what I had learnt (but forgotten) at school.

We were suddenly ordered off to America—I thought my heart would have broken on parting with Marionca, but some how or other it did not. I became, however, more studious, and employed the next three years in close application to history; during all the spare time I had, I was engaged with such works as I could obtain in the different ports we entered. At last we returned home, and I was transferred to the "Tiger." We joined the squadron, and steamed for Constantinople. There I went on shore, in company with some of my messmates,



and visited the Mosque of St. Sophia, and on another occasion went to the Valley of the Sweetwaters, and saw the Turkish women wrapped up in their shrouds, looking as if they were ashamed of themselves; or, more likely, their husbands ashamed of them, since they allowed no one to see what they were like. I recollect, one day I had taken a walk alone, to visit the ancient walls of the city of Constantinople, on the European side; as I had heard that there were small basso-relievos to be procured along the outside of these walls. Sure enough, I saw many, and procured one that represents two female figures seated on each side of a small square table, which I suspect was intended for an altar. The whole is of very plain workmanship of the bas empire; the figures are represented dressed in flowing robes, and the arms have that size and length peculiar to the Roman figures of second-rate work. These bas-reliefs were fixed in the walls, and some are still in their places; others have fallen down. Under most, is a Roman



inscription, commemorating the name of some private person buried under the outer walls of the city.

Whilst examining some of these records of past ages, I felt something knocking me in the back ; I turned round ; a stone whizzed past my face ; I looked forward, and saw at a little distance from me, in the outskirts of the place, some boys by whom these missiles had been sent. I went up to them, the tiny things were hardly five years old, yet there they were, spitting defiance at me behind a fallen piece of the wall, and calling out, "Frangi Cookoo! Frangi Cookoo!" with all their might. I could not help moralizing, as I proceeded on my way. "These children," thought I, "would not *naturally* thus hate Christians: they must have imbibed the sentiment from their parents. Doubtless the latter give way to their evil inclinations, by cursing their generous allies, in the presence of their offspring ; and these, imitating the bigotry of older heads, shout aloud in public the insulting epithets they have

learnt in the privacy of their own domestic circles." As I reflected, my feelings grew indignant at the idea of propping up a government, whose hatred was so inveterate.

On another occasion I saw two boys holding down a third, whose face they had blackened; he had a piece of black sheep's skin round his head, to represent the fur cap of the Russians; they had made him put his head down between his legs, and as in that position he might have fallen back, they supported him, while a third was seated on the ground with a little stick in his hand, to represent a pipe. This latter was personating Omar Pacha, who the boys in their fun forgot was a Frangi. Well, the representative of this brave man, kept taking up handfuls of earth, which he threw at the "guy" of the Emperor Nicholas, spitting at him the while, to the great delight of the two supporters, and I imagined, even to the amusement of the boy with the blackened face, who did the "vice" of so important a personage. I had

disturbed them, for I came upon them un-  
awares; and they all set to spitting at me, rat  
Nicholas among the rest.

Well, thought I, young Turkey is incor-  
rigible, and "no mistake."

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## CHAPTER II.

Leave Constantinople—Join the Fleet—Admiral Dundas receives intelligence of the Declaration of War—Demonstration of the combined fleets of England and France—A Snow-storm—Preparations for sailing—Alacrity of the fleet—Detained for twenty-four hours—The Tiger attempts to sail—Is obliged to put on steam to keep up with the fleet—The fleet pursues its course towards Odessa, preceded by the Tiger and the Sampson—Appearance of Odessa from on board—Make our report to the Admiral—Attack of the steamers Sampson, Tiger, Vauban, and Descartes on the North Mole—the Russians had purposely sunk a small steamer to save it, and the artifice succeeds—A field battery is opened on the rocket-boats—We are joined by the Retribution, Terrible and Furious, and two French Steamers—The Vauban returns to the charge—Shot reach the city which was directed to the Mole in front of it—Superstition of the Inhabitants—The Terrible opens fire on the South Mole—A Scotchman rescued by the Russian authorities.

WE duly left Constantinople, and on the 15th of April, 1854, found ourselves with the English

fleet; consisting of nine sail of the line, and six or seven steamers, lying in Kavana Bay, off Balchick, in company with the French squadron, which was composed of eight line of battle ships, and four steamers.

Admiral Dundas had, a day or two previously, received the intelligence of the declaration of war, which was announced by despatches, that only came to Admiral Hamelin's hands on this day. The British authorities had courteously waited the announcement of this long-expected and wished-for news to their allies, in order to make a general demonstration.

At twelve o'clock the combined fleet manned the yards, fired a royal salute, and gave three hearty cheers. Our ships displayed the French tricolor at the main, the English at the fore, and the Turkish flag at the mizen; the French returning the compliment, by giving precedence to the British flag at their main.

A partial demonstration on board the English ships, had primarily taken place a few



days previously, when the despatches first announced the great news to the Admiral; and on that occasion the flag-ship first set the example, by manning the rigging, and giving three cheers, which latter were heartily responded to by the other ships in succession, each according to its rank.

During the grand demonstration a thick snow storm covered the two fleets, so that the furthest vessels were obscured from view. We might have considered this event as exemplifying the conflict against the elements, to which we would hereafter be exposed, in attacking the children of the north.

The activity that pervaded every department of the fleet may well be imagined, when we consider the state of suspense in which we had been kept for so many months: on each day of which, we had hoped to receive official authorization for action, by which each man cherished an expectation of having opportunities for distinguishing himself.

Boats were sent on shore to complete the



water supplies; others brought off what might be required of fresh provisions, previous to our setting sail; and splinter-nettings were prepared on board such vessels as had them not already. These latter are made of stout rope, stretched over the deck, in order to prevent any fragments of the masts or yards from falling down upon the men during an action.

As was naturally expected, the first use of the liberty we had to attack the enemy, was directed towards the punishment of the government of Odessa, for their breach of the laws of nations, in firing on our flag of truce; and every officer on board was anxious that his vessel should be one of those selected to take an active part in the expected attack.

The ardour of the fleet was, however, kept under restraint for another twenty-four hours, in consequence of adverse winds, which prevailed during the 16th; and it was only on the next day that a fair breeze sprung up. The signal was then made for all ships to set sail, and form in battle array, steering north-

ward. The "Tiger" at first tried to sail in company with the rest, but was soon left in the rear, being never remarkable for her sailing qualities. It came on to blow during the night, but not sufficiently to disturb the general order in which the vessels were sailing;—still, as our vessel had fallen back considerably, we found it expedient to get up steam, and recover the distance.

For the next three days we pursued our course in a straight direction towards Odessa; and on the afternoon of the 20th, the combined fleet anchored in a long extended line from north to south, at about four miles off the city. The "Tiger" and "Sampson" had been ordered to precede the ships on a reconnoitering expedition, and had that morning approached within a mile and a half of the town, and boarded several neutral vessels which were anchored off the port. From these, however, we obtained no information of any consequence.

We were close enough to the land to take a



good view of the town and ramparts: the latter did not appear formidable, but the former looked to great advantage, by reason of the bright sun that shone on the white edifices, with the green roofs and blue domes of the churches in the background.

We returned to make our report to the Admiral, and resumed our position in line. On the 21st, a general council of war was held on board the "Ville de Paris;" and the "Caton," French steamer, was sent to Odessa with a letter to General Osten-Sacken, whose answer not proving satisfactory, the following day was fixed upon for an attack.

Early on the 22nd, the "Sampson," "Tiger," "Vauban," and "Descartes," were ordered to begin by firing on the North Mole, and were immediately responded to by red-hot shot from the Russians, who it appears were not unprepared. It is well known how these four ships steamed in a circle, firing shot and shells when nearest the land, as they proceeded slowly in their course, and were enabled to discharge



several broadsides before they got out of range. At each successive circle we neared the land, so that at last we were enabled to take up a position to the north, from which we could fire on the Imperial (North) Mole with comparative impunity, it not having been before seen that an attack could be made from a part so close in shore. The Russian government have since endeavoured to repair this oversight, or miscalculation of their engineer, by building a battery on the land close to where we were anchored; by which they hope to be enabled to make a better stand on any future occasion.

While we were thus endeavouring to enfilade the guns, which could not be turned against us by reason of the direction in which they were fired, rocket-boats were employed between us and the land, to fire the Russian ships in the Mole, and so successfully, that all were destroyed, with the exception of a small steamer which the authorities had taken the precaution to sink on the day previous. This

was subsequently raised, and has since been employed to run between Odessa and Nicolaiev. A field battery was suddenly opened upon these rocket-boats, having been brought down to the shore for that purpose; this compelled the boats to retire out of gun reach, until the "Sampson," with her heavy guns, silenced the firing from this unexpected quarter. Towards noon, the "Retribution," "Terrible," and "Furious," and two French steamers, joined in the attack; and in about an hour, the powder magazine exploding, the firing ceased. The "Vauban," which had, early in the day, taken fire, and had retreated that it might be extinguished, rejoined us, and gallantly took the part first assigned to her in the contest.

The city of Odessa, being behind the Imperial Mole, which we were called upon to destroy, it was impossible to prevent the shot directed upon it, from reaching some of the principal houses; and as many of these fell into the town, and one, in particular, near the



cathedral, the people naturally complained, and accused us of barbarity.

They even went further, and ridiculously declared that they considered it as a miraculous intervention of Providence that it happened to blow hard on that day! Whereas it was precisely because the vessels heaved and rolled, that we were not always certain in directing our shot to where it was *only* intended it should fall.

Towards evening, the "Terrible," being annoyed by the firing from the Quarantine Mole, which had hitherto been respected by reason of its containing neutral vessels, returned the fire; but no general attack was made. It was during this time that an unfortunate Scotchman was wounded, in the act of slipping the cable of a ship, on board of which he was mate. This was the man whom Lieut. Royer mentions as having been rescued by order of the Russian authorities.



### CHAPTER III.

No detailed account intended—The “Fury” has a spree of her own—The “Tiger” and “Fury” accompany the fleet from Sevastopol, and return in the night to Odessa, to look after prizes—Reasons for not capturing the shipping in harbour—The partial attack on Odessa creditable to those engaged in it, but exaggerated into a general bombardment by the periodicals of the day; hence considered a failure by our enemies—Cruise along the coast of the gulf of Kerkinet, and thence to the western shore of the Crimea—Start a Cossack—Many seen on the coast keeping watch—Beauties of the Crimea—The Italy of the East—Akmesjed—Cape Tarkhan—Eupatoria—Rejoin the Admiral.

I WILL not occupy the patience of the reader with an account of the attack on Odessa, for with this he must be well acquainted. I will only endeavour to supply such deficiencies by my narrative, as I imagine exist in the details that reached England,

and were published by the press, which gaps an eye-witness could alone fill up.

Let me be allowed to refer to the intense interest with which I watched the effect of the shot as it told on shore, and of that from the fort, which generally fell short alongside, or to the head of us. Indeed the casualties on board the ships were comparatively trivial. The "Terrible" had one man killed, and three wounded. The "Sampson" five wounded; and on board of the French steamers, three, I believe, were killed. Towards evening, the Russian fire having been silenced, the ships rejoined their respective squadrons.

On the next day, the 23rd, the "Fury," which had just arrived from Constantinople, was indulged with permission to get up a little affair of her own, with the South Mole, where she knocked down the guard-house, situated on its extremity. This was permitted, in consequence of her having been absent on the day previous, and thus not having had the same opportunity of distinguishing herself as the



other steamers ; and her commander and officers being naturally anxious to contribute their share of personal risk in the contest.

The fleet remained stationary during the 24th and 25th ; and on the 26th weighed anchor, and proceeded toward Sevastopol.

The "Tiger" and "Fury" having accompanied the fleet all day, turned back as soon as it became dark ; and on the morning of the 27th, we found ourselves once more close into the bay of Odessa. It was supposed that in the absence of the allies, some of the merchant vessels might have ventured out, and thus be in the way to be captured. Unfortunately for us, however, none were bold enough to attempt leaving their place of refuge. It may be asked why the combined fleet of steamers had not made a prize of all the ships at Odessa, and afterwards released the neutral vessels ? The fact is, that this attack on the place was only intended (as already stated) to be a chastisement to the government for their contempt of the laws of nations ; and, to have attempted



to secure all the vessels in port, would have entailed their own destruction, either from the fire requisite to silence the Quarantine Mole batteries, or by the Russians themselves, whose historical associations lead them to imitate their forefathers' method of warfare.

This affair has been much exaggerated by the periodicals of the day, the editors of which are always greedy of any news to render their papers attractive. It was really never intended by the Admirals of the fleets to be anything beyond what I have said ; and as such, was a smart and creditable affair to those engaged in it. But as it was erroneously magnified into a *general* bombardment, our enemies were naturally led to look upon it as a failure, and thus Osten-Sacken availed himself of the opportunity to brag that he had successfully resisted and beaten off the whole of the allied squadron !

We had orders to cruize along the coast of the gulf of Kerkinet, thence along the western shore of the Crimea, and rejoin the Admiral off

Balaklava. We had some hopes that, at this early period of the war, we might fall in with some Russian ships, which were sure to keep in their port later, when they were aware of our cruisers being on the look out for them. We first proceeded to visit the entrance to the river Dneiper, but all was quiet in that quarter; and we could, in the dead calm that prevailed on this day, hear nothing beyond the gurgling waters that resisted the paddles of our ship.

We next skirted the island of Tendra, a long and very low sandy tract of land, on which may be seen only a few fishermen's huts, two light-houses, a high beacon, and some wrecks of small vessels.\*

As if to remind us that we were on the pre-

\* This is the Dromus Achilles of the ancients—Achilles having entered the Euxine with a hostile fleet, ravaged the coast, landed on this promontory, and exercised himself and his followers in running and other gymnastic sports. It is a low, sandy, and uninhabited neck of land resembling somewhat a sword in its shape. Strabo says it is one thousand stadia long; and Pliny makes it eighty miles in length.



cincts of the Russian dominions, we saw a Cossack, who appeared to have been started by us, just as one might start a hare on the seashore; but who, doubtless, was there as a guard to give notice of the approach of any hostile vessel. He made off at full gallop, down to the other side of the Tendra, where he must have embarked on board a little boat, the sails of which we could just see peering above the elevation of the sand bank. We skirted the low land coast of the gulf, but saw nothing worth notice, except here and there a stray Cossack, with his meagre horse and long lance, who started up, as if awakened to a sense of consciousness by the splashing of our wheels on the bosom of the tranquil sea. They invariably galloped off, making for the next station to that where they were posted on the shore of these apparently deserted lands.

These "eternal Cossacks" (as we learnt at last to style them) are everywhere under Russian rule; they appear as the pioneers of the remaining barbarism of the North, which



has gradually encroached on the coast of the Black Sea.

Political necessity requires that the power of Russia should be driven back behind the Caucasus to its own steppes, where she may retain her empire unmolested, for all we care : but let us hope that these countries will not, when rescued from her grasp, be delivered over to the Turks, whose incapacity for right government should, by this time, have become as proverbial as it is evident, to all who have seen them at home. I am led into this train of reasoning by the question asked, What is to be done with the Crimea ?

We now coasted along the shores of this Peninsula, a country that swarms with every luxury, a land which, for the last century, has been under the liberality of the extravagant nobles, who have made it their pet spot of retreat, and rendered it, by profuse expense and culture, as much the Italy of the East, as it is so by nature and climate.

We saw numerous flocks of sheep and herds

of cattle, grazing on the extensive downs that reach close to the shore ; the land here being low and slightly undulating. This part of the peninsula is used for breeding cattle, and is not studded with villas, as it is at the south. This last has, in Russia, received the denomination of "the south coast," *par excellence*.

As we passed Akmesjed we were hailed by a man attended by a couple of Cossacks (who again made their appearance uncalled for), and he used a speaking-trumpet, but to no purpose, as we were too far off to hear, even supposing we could have understood what he said in his language. Akmesjed is a small town, quite on the coast, with a very neat modern church, and a few straggling houses around it. It is to the north of the promontory which forms the most westerly point of the Crimea (called Cape Tarkhan). This point we passed the second night of our cruize, and towards morning we found ourselves off Eupatoria.

This place had more the appearance of a Turkish than a Russian town, as the mosques



formed a conspicuous sight from on board. The land here is still flat, but higher than the other side of the peninsula, which we had left. We saw an Austrian brig anchored off Eupatoria, but had not much time to make any particular inquiries, as, immediately on passing Eupatoria we saw the fleet cruizing to the north of Sevastopol, and hastened to join it, our captain going on board the flag-ship to make his report.



## CHAPTER IV.

Signal "to give chase"—Joyfully obeyed—Make all sail—Followed by a French steamer—Hopes of cutting off a large Russian steamer from the port of Sevastopol—Are disappointed—Monotony of life on board—Dense fogs described—Proceed to Odessa in company with the "Vesuvius" and "Niger"—The "Tiger" gets a-head, and loses sight of her consort in a fog—She grounds early on the 12th—Efforts made to get her off—Fire opened upon her from the cliff on shore—Guns are cast in the sea to lighten the ship—Why the men did not take to their boats—Attentions and kindness of the quarantine authorities, and of every one on shore—My cogitations.

Two days after we had joined the Admiral signals were made to the "Tiger" "to give chase." This was on the 30th of April. Evening was closing in: we were fifteen miles to the westward of Sevastopol. Although we could not distinguish, at first, the object to which we were directed, the alacrity of the

captain and officers in obeying such general and exciting orders, may be easily imagined. Yet no one who has not been in the position of pursuing a vessel at sea, can fully realize all the flutter of hope and fear, at the possibility of her escaping, that agitates the heart of every one on board; the boisterous delight of every jack-tar is only equalled by the flush of expectancy and the ardent aspiration of the officers.

We made all possible sail whilst we were getting up full steam power, and soon came in sight of a large Russian steamer, that had just left the port, and was standing to the north.

A French steamer followed, as a support in case of need, and we made for the land in a direction that might enable us to cut the Russians off from the port. But when we neared her (till but five miles lay between us), and when all our faculties were on the stretch of hope and expectation of making the first prize, we had the mortification of seeing her turn back and re-enter the port. We followed



her, however, to within two miles of the entrance, and close enough to distinguish the vessels in port; and among them we made out three more steamers, and several other vessels preparing to come out to us. We therefore lay-to, all night, in company with the Frenchman, in the hope, on the next day, we might entice them to come and attack us. But we were again doomed to disappointment; and having waited some time in vain, we leisurely rejoined the fleet.

For some days after this exciting little episode in the monotony of the life we led on board, nothing occurred worthy of notice. We had in vain attempted to draw the fleet out from their stronghold; nothing, it appeared, could induce them to risk even an unequal contest; so we had, in dullness and disquiet, to sail about backwards and forwards, within a few miles off Cape Kherson, and the whole history of our manœuvres can be expressed in one word, repeated several times—“*Cruise—cruise—cruise.*”



On the sixth we were enveloped in a dense fog, which precluded our seeing anything twice the length of the ship. Bells were ringing, and guns firing, repeatedly, in all directions, throughout the day, to warn the vessels of each other's position; but, strange to say, the very next day, without there having been any violent wind to draw off the fog, the atmosphere was clear and bright as on a summer day; a brightness such as is alone to be seen in the East. It was, however, still cold, as the thermometer was at  $57^{\circ}$  at mid-day, and that in the shade.

A still dense fog made its appearance on the 9th, like a dark grey wall of smoke rising to the heavens; the boats had just left to bring provisions from on board a transport that had arrived from Constantinople that very morning. Seeing the fog approaching, the Admiral made a signal to the boats to return to their respective ships, but our boat was overtaken by the fog when within fifty yards of the "Tiger," which became quite lost to the sight of the men, but who, however, reached it at last in safety.

It was interesting to watch the progress of this fog—it came slowly along, and you might sometimes see a vessel half enveloped in it, the side out of the fog being as clearly visible, as the other side was entirely obscured from sight.

On the 11th of May, our captain came on board, after a visit to the flag ship, and we heard that he had been commanded by the Admiral to proceed to Odessa, with the “Vesuvius” and “Niger,” under his orders. He, poor man (to use his own words), “trusted that we should have more luck in this trip, than in our last cruize along the coast of the Black Sea.” It was to be hoped so indeed, for then we had met with no ships of any kind. We little anticipated the sad results that awaited us on this lamentable occasion !

Anxious to be off the port of Odessa early the next morning, we made what speed we could with the powers of steam, and soon distanced our consorts, of whom we had the start ; and in the afternoon, our course having led us through one of these dense fogs, far



thicker than the November mists, which cockneys describe as having "cut through with a knife," we entered a cloud of visible darkness, wherein it was impossible to see anything beyond a few yards of us.

Towards night, the moon, which was at full, peered at intervals through the all-absorbing and mysterious veil of vapour, and shone with a peculiar pale dimness, that (as we now recall it to mind), appeared as if it were conscious of the danger we were running.

As we were well acquainted with these parts, we never for an instant suspected the possibility of the fate that awaited us.

The next day, 12th of May, early in the morning, being off watch, I was sleeping in my berth, when I was awakened by a violent shock, and starting up expressed my persuasion that a collision had taken place, never imagining that we could by any means have been driven so much out of our course, as to come in contact with land; yet so it was, we were aground. Our anxiety to steer clear of the Tendra point,



and the strong currents that are formed by the waters of the Dnieper, had, it seemed, led us insensibly to our luckless doom, from which there was no deliverance !

Every effort was made to get the ship off the two rocks between which she had struck, and guns were fired to call the attention of our consorts to our position.

About nine o'clock, field guns which had arrived from Odessa, opened a murderous fire upon us, to which we could only respond by a solitary gun, which was the only one that could be brought to bear upon the shore ; but which was of no avail, as the Russians were up above us on the cliff, at the height of our mast-head.

In the meanwhile we had endeavoured to lighten the ship, by casting into the sea guns and any heavy articles that were at hand, and a sheet anchor was put into the large boats ; a strain was brought to bear on another anchor laid out to seaward, and the efforts of the men at the capstan were accompanied by the paddle wheels of the ship : but all, alas, to no pur-

pose. This was, perhaps, the moment of most intense anxiety, and a period of the greatest uncertainty as to our future movements. Our captain, a midshipman, and three others were severely wounded by a shell, and taken down to the gun-room for surgical assistance.

It has been asked, why the men did not take to their boats, rather than surrender to the enemy? It should be remembered that in the beginning there were hopes of getting the ship off, and of rescue by our consorts, who could not be far off; and later in the day the state of the wounded rendered it impossible to carry them off without first attending to their wounds; to have abandoned them to their fate, would have been an act of barbarity no one ever dreamt of. Besides, in the beginning, we had contemplated the possibility of floating the ship, as has already been observed; and having loaded the boats with shot and a large anchor, it would have been impossible to have thrown the latter into the sea without capsizing the boat; thus we saw that we had no choice left but to surrender.



Lieutenant Royer has so graphically described the circumstances that took place on our surrender, that he has left me nothing to add. We were well lodged in quarantine and well cared for. We were told to ask for everything we required, and "to ask was to have." If we had been wrecked on the coast of England we could not have received greater attentions than were lavished upon us by the residents of Odessa.

Among other particular attentions paid to our comfort, was one which I hesitate to bring forward, as it seems extraordinary, and yet it is not the less true. The officers were not allowed to burn tallow, but were supplied with wax candles.\*

Although somewhat astonished at this proceeding, I could not help thinking what our future treatment could be, if it was to be followed up on this scale. I could scarcely anti-

\* A wag on hearing this, declared it was because the Russians preferred eating the tallow candles to burning them.



cipate the result (ponder as I might), on the conduct of people whom we had been led to look upon as barbarians, against whom the forces of England and France were combined, yet whose humanity and good breeding shone with extra lustre on the present emergency, even to so trivial a matter as whether tallow or wax should shine over the prostrate bodies of their fallen enemy !

But setting aside all extraneous remarks, it is indeed but justice to add, that throughout our stay in Russia, both from high and low, great and small, we experienced unvaried and uniform kindness, which it would be more than invidious to deny.

## CHAPTER V.

Invidious representation of the motives of the Russian Government for their kindness to the prisoners by two or three of the public papers—The unjust and unworthy attack on Lieutenant Royer by one of these periodicals refuted—Incongruity of the judgment of these papers on Lieutenant Royer's narrative—Opinions of his work by an impartial person—Comparisons odious—Political necessity for driving the Russians out of the Crimea, and behind the Caucasus admitted—The writer has no Russian sympathies, but does not participate in the present "*virulence*" of the English nation in favour of Turkey—Extract from the "Times," of the 22nd of December—The correspondents of the "Times," men of genius—Anecdote—Conclusions drawn from facts that cannot be denied.

SOME two or three of the periodicals of the day\* (particularly one whose Philo-Turkish

\* To show how incongruous is the press of the present day, we will only note one fact which requires no com-



predispositions are too well known, and have been long maintained in spite of a knowledge of facts that have come to its cognizance), have been pleased to represent the kindness and attentions lavished on the English prisoners in Russia, under the invidious form of "a complot," in which these periodicals would represent the whole nation to be involved! An absurd idea that requires no comment. They blamed Lieutenant Royer for "*speaking of people as he found them,*" but, as "*facts are*

ment. One of the periodicals declared the style of Lieutenant Royer to possess the "crispness of a despatch;" while another asserts that "the love of scene painting is strong within him!" Let the candid public judge which is right, the former or the latter. But the praise allotted by the editor of the "Illustrated London News," is of the most flattering nature. He says of this work, "That it has peculiar claims from the conciseness of its style, and the number of details which it comprises. Here there is indeed the most in the smallest compass, and the writer's impressions of the people and country are as graphic as they are briefly expressed. This is the best characteristic of a descriptive composition. It is the one word that paints the scene or likeness, and not an indefinite number of vague phrases."



*stubborn things*," they were compelled, in order to find a pretext for attack, to accuse him of "currying favour with the great." Had this been the case he would not have gone against the current of public opinion; but the fact is, that he represents matters as they were, and does not go out of his way to suit the foolish politics of any set of men: he eschewed this dangerous topic,\* yet it is forced upon

\* A worthy prelate, on the perusal of Lieutenant Royer's work, made the following observations well worthy the notice of the reader:—

"This seems to me a simple and truthful narrative, I discover in it no Russian tendencies whatever. Lieutenant Royer was well treated—probably as a piece of good policy—but it was no business of his to find fault with the cause; and if he found nothing offensive to his English feelings, there would have been great dishonesty in exercising his inventive powers to please the 'Athenæum,' 'Examiner,' &c. All just wars are fought in order to ensure lasting peace, and in preparation for that, it is as well not to hate our enemies too bitterly. It was the practice of French prisoners in England to invent largely; this pleased their government, but it deferred the peace by nourishing feelings of resentment against us. May we never learn to entertain those

him by one or two of the press. The rest, *i. e.* the remaining or other periodicals, wisely abstained from a denial of truth, or from doubting the assertion of an eye-witness, and one who had no interest to misrepresent matters. The real fact of the case is simply this: the periodical above referred to, was nettled at the Lieutenant's comparisons between the Russians and the people whom it has taken under its *special* protection.

Lieutenant Royer could not avoid referring to the difference between our "civilised enemies and our barbarous allies." As to *comparison*, the thing is out of the question between the two people; and when our *enthusiasts* in England can hear the experiences of those British officers, who will some day return to their native land with crowns of laurel, gained in the cause of this people, they will lose a little, perhaps, of their present *virulence*, in favour of a nation unworthy of so much attention, and *be* feelings against Russia, which had become almost part of an Englishman's nature against France!"



*disenchanted of the delusion in which ignorance and distance unite in plunging them,\** at least, if it be possible to convince a people who have once declared themselves to be of a contrary opinion.

But, indeed, neither Lieutenant Royer, nor the writer of these lines, nor we trust *any* Englishman can be Russian at heart. Who is it that, with his senses, could for an instant maintain that all that has been done by England and France was not peremptorily necessary for the cause of quiet and the interests of

\* Vide Letter of the Correspondent of the "Times," dated Varna, 9th August, and which appeared in the "Times" of 22nd August, 1854. This gentleman and his colleague, at Constantinople, are men of wonderful perception. It requires real genius to seize, in so short a time, all the phases of a thesis, and become so perfectly master, as they have done, of the eastern question. They appear as if they had been all their lives at Constantinople, and made this subject their sole study. All they write has the impress of truth, and the appearance of emanating from a sound judgment; and yet what little attention is paid to them by the public whenever they have ventured to divulge the real state of matters at Constantinople!



the world? But why should we be required to foster feelings against a people, because the politics of government demand that a check should be placed on the ambition of one man, who has caused the blood of thousands to flow, to satisfy his cravings for universal empire?

The reader will, ere this, have discovered that I have no particular Russian sympathies; my predilections cannot go with a government so opposed to my country; but no one who has had any experience of the true character of a Turk in authority, will ever give the Turkish government credit for all the "fan-faronades" that are published in their name and favour. This feeling, I am convinced, is *shared by all who have had any insight into the manners and customs of Turkey and the Turks.\**

\* It is related that a vessel under Government orders was sent out to Constantinople, and each officer on board was required to note down his impressions of the manners and customs of the Turks. All complied with this injunction, except one—a simple-minded straightforward man of observation, but no adept at the pen.

Indeed, Lieutenant Royer, in his cursory allusion to the Turks, which has raised him so venomous an enemy in the editor of the paper previously referred to, was most lenient in his expressions, when he merely mentioned the fact of having been spat at by little boys in the streets of Constantinople. I myself have been not only spat at but pelted, more than once, by such little vermin, and that to, as I have already related, at a time when the flower of England had come to their assistance. Of course I am quite aware that no importance can be attached to such trifling acts of incivility from children ; but does not this demonstrate the real feeling of the nation ? children only carry out the sentiments of their parents. If such, therefore, is the feeling that these people bear towards the Christian nations, who have made such sacrifices for them,

On being called upon to give in his observations, and ordered to do so on paper, he took the pen and wrote, " The Turks have no manners, and their customs are beastly."



what hope can we entertain of any change in their sentiments?

That such *is* the feeling there is no doubt, and this assertion is corroborated by letters I have seen from the interior of the country, wherein we are informed, that so far from being grateful for the disinterested assistance afforded them, the Mahomedans have become more restless and unmanageable than ever. Their exclamations are to the following effect:—"What thanks do we owe you giaours? None! It was your *fate* that impelled you to come to these countries. Why, if you had no interest in so doing, do you not leave us to ourselves? We want none of your interference, and can do well without you."



## CHAPTER VI.

General Osten-Sacken's visit to Captain Giffard—Six English merchant vessels and their crews are released by order of the Emperor—Osten-Sacken's delicacy of conduct—His character and ingenuousness—The fact of his denying that the boat with a flag of truce had been fired upon explained—Signor Mochi—The batteries repaired—Inauguration ceremony, and baptism of the old and new battery—The first called after young Tschogoloff—A Nelsonian anecdote—Breakfast at the second battery, called after Signor Luigi Mochi—General Annenkoff and his aide-de-camp—The Russian painter.

THE second visit that General Osten-Sacken paid our captain, he informed him that he had received orders from the Emperor to release six English merchant vessels which had been detained on the declaration of war being announced: and the following day the crews of

these ships, on leaving the lazaretto, where they had been kept in custody, gave our men three cheers, to which the latter heartily responded from the various wards, thus forming a *real* echo in the air.

Among the many expressions and acts of polity which the general exercised there was one characteristic of his delicacy and his gentlemanly feelings. He never entered the room of the captain without first asking the British officer in attendance, whether he might do so or not. The character of his excellency has been very much misrepresented. He is, indeed, rather of a mild and gentle temper, with an openness of countenance that forbids any suspicion of deceit. Nor is it likely that the officers of the "Tiger" could have been *blinded by his acting*, as has been asserted. What is more evidently a cause of disgust than the face of a man who assumes the appearance of virtuousness which he does not possess? And who is there, with common perception, that can be mistaken or misled by such an assumption? As to the



objection raised against General Osten-Sacken, for denying the fact of our boat having been fired upon, whilst bearing the flag of truce. Could he have done otherwise? Which of the editors of these papers would, in his situation, have acknowledged so *culpable* an error? It was a *political* mistake (acknowledged by all at Odessa), and was *politically* denied. What is diplomacy but frequently a mass of dissimulation? If diplomatists are, unfortunately, connected with a party in the wrong, do they acknowledge the weakness of their side, or do they not make the best they can of a bad cause? If every man is allowed to accuse of mendacity his political opponent, where should we be? I speak of the political economy of the world as *it is*, and not as *it should be*. Happy are those who have truth written on their side!

When freed from quarantine restrictions, we passed out of the city, and occupied the house of Signor Luigi Mochi, the pilot of the port. He was an Italian by birth, and had by his

own exertions, during a long residence at Odessa, raised himself to wealth and to the notice of the government, from whom he had received several medals.

Among the many remarkable events of a life full of incident such as that of a pilot—was one on which he prided himself not a little: he had been one of the crew on board the vessel that bore Napoleon back to France, on his escape from Elba; and often would he revert to this fact, and appear pleased if reminded of it by a third party. Although he knew the value of money, and could turn a penny to advantage, Signor Gigi (short for Luigi), was prodigal of expense when he had an opportunity of distinguishing himself.

After the attack on Odessa, it was necessary to repair the batteries then destroyed, and Signor Gigi undertook to form a battery at his own expense, and for this purpose selected the spot which overlooks the town at the inner end of the quarantine (*viz.* South) Mole. When all the repairs had been made, and his battery



completed, a day was fixed for the inauguration, and a procession of the Greek clergy was formed, accompanied by a guard of honour, and headed by the bands of the different regiments. The archbishop, with his suite, in their gorgeous robes of office, and the generals and their aides-de-camp in full uniform, chanting their *Te Deums*, proceeded to the batteries which they baptized with an abundant sprinkling of holy water. The name of "Mochi" was given to the battery built by him, and which was mounted by the guns he had recovered from the wreck of the "Tiger."

The large battery at the Imperial Mole, which had been considerably increased and strengthened, was, by order of the Emperor, called after young Tschogoloff, who had behaved most gallantly during the defence, and who was raised three grades in the army for his intrepidity. He was in the battery the whole of the day, and when all but one gun were disabled, Osten-Sacken, considering it a needless exposure of life to continue the fire,

sent him a note, in which he used the expression, "*Je vous prie de vous retirer.*" The young man, on reading this, exclaimed (quite in the Nelsonian style), "A prayer is not a command, so fire away, my men!" and he continued at the gun until the flames from the shipping compelled him to withdraw.

The gallantry of this young man has been compared to that of Napoleon at Toulon, and he has been honoured with a letter from the Grand Duke Constantine, and been made much of by all the inhabitants of Odessa. He is of small stature and dark complexion, with the peculiar flat features of the Russians; by no means prepossessing in appearance.

On this day (of the blessing or baptizing of the batteries) Signor Mochi gave a splendid breakfast to the generals and their suite, to which all the local authorities and principal personages of the place were invited. This sumptuous entertainment cost full one hundred pounds, and satisfied the vanity of the proprietor of our residence. The interior of



the marque, pitched on the battery, was decorated with flags and garlands of flowers, and attracted the notice of General Annenkoff, the military governor of the city, who expressed his admiration of all the arrangements; then, turning to his aide-de-camp, he exclaimed, "What a pity it is that we have not an artist here who could do justice to this scene!" As he had spoken quite inadvertently, the general thought no more of the matter; not so his obsequious follower, who, after breakfast, duly brought forward an artist, whom he introduced to his chief.

In a respectful attitude he waited to receive the commands of the general, who wondered what he wanted. The suspense grew unpleasant, and at last the pre-Raphaelite ventured to ask whether his excellency had any commands for him? Annenkoff, suddenly turning round, said, "Yes, yes, take me the likeness of this blockhead," making a Russian pun, much to the amusement of those pre-

sent, and to the discomfiture of the poor aide-de-camp and artist, who, in all likelihood, both expected to make a good penny by the order.

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## CHAPTER VII.

Invitations to parties given the officers—Feasted on champagne suppers—Evvivas—Fraternization of the Russian and English officers—Universal regret at the interruption of friendly relations between England and Russia—Party given the officers—Monodrame dance—Kasatsha—Scandal at Odessa—Count Potocki—His son Augustet—Receives a commission in the army for his bravery—The author detained at Odessa.

WHENEVER we wished to go out and visit the city, an officer on guard, an interpreter, an aide-de-camp of one of the generals, or some other officer, would come down and take us out. At first the Russian officers, of their own accord, accompanied the prisoners about the town, but at last it became irksome to them, and naturally so; and a person on the part of the government was appointed to be in attendance for that purpose.

We had frequent invitations to evening parties, which were got up on our account, to which we were escorted by an officer. We were under no restraint here, as, if the person who accompanied us was not known to those who invited us, he was often left in the lobby unnoticed. These parties we would "keep up" till three o'clock in the morning, dancing with the belles of Odessa, and regaled on champagne-suppers. On these occasions, all the company *sat down* to table about one o'clock: there was no pushing and scrambling, which is so disagreeably exhibited in an English rout, where it often happens that there are no seats but for the ladies; the consequence being, that the gentlemen thus kept waiting, impatiently anticipate the time for the retiring of the "fair sex," considering their room, at that moment, preferable to their company. We were served with a succession of hot dishes, as at a regular dinner;—no *political* healths were drunk, but *errivas* resounded with the clashing of glasses, to the mutual



healths of the company; the ladies doing justice to the champagne, a predilection which other nations entertain in common with the fair inhabitants of Odessa.

On one of these occasions, having a fascinating young lady on my left, I undertook to teach her a new way of drinking *errivas*, which was simply by passing the glass held in my right hand, through the circle made by her right arm when raising the goblet to her lips. This fashion greatly amused the company, who were much struck with the fraternal appearance of the action, and you might have seen a score at least, all round the table, each vying with the other who should best execute this novel way of "interlaced" potations. After supper, the spirits of the company being exhilarated not a little, the dancing was invariably renewed with fresh vigour, and polkas and good waltzing carried on to perfection for some considerable time longer.

On returning from one of these parties, towards three o'clock in the morning, I recollect

finding several of our own officers, who had been making merry with some Russian officers in another part of the city. So well satisfied were they with each other, that there had been a complete fraternization, similar to that which has since taken place between the French and English soldiers at Constantinople. The English had the Russian helmets on their heads, and the Russians wore the naval gold-laced cap, which they would have no doubt been proud to keep. I mention this circumstance merely to show how little of the spirit of ill-will was borne us by the Russians, whom our periodicals so unmercifully abuse.

Indeed, throughout our residence in Russia, we were impressed by the idea, that a general feeling of regret pervaded all ranks of the people, at the peaceful relations between the two nations having been disturbed; as they never looked upon us as enemies. The Greek religion is, certainly, with all its superstitions, much nearer to the Protestant Church than to that of Rome; and all these people, who saw the



nobility take such pains to instil English ideas into their children, were naturally led to admire a nation thus held up to their imitation. I have heard discussions, wherein the Russians maintained that they were also as Protestant as the English, inasmuch as *they also* protested against the Papal Church.

At another party, which was attended by half a dozen of the officers, there was a full military band, that played, in a very brilliant style, many of the principal and favourite Italian airs, with polkas, waltzes, and quadrilles. The Mazurka is, however, the favourite dance in Russia, particularly if there be Poles present; when they keep it up for several hours consecutively, and always to the same tune.

In the course of the evening, one young lady, Mademoiselle Potocki, of particularly prepossessing appearance, was requested to exhibit the Russian national dance, which is a great favourite among the peasantry of Little Russia. It consists of a kind of monodrame,

wherein the young lady, while dancing to plaintive music, endeavours to express her bashfulness at being courted by some unseen swain; from this she proceeds through a series of graceful movements, to make the audience participate in the feelings and emotions that appear to pervade her heart (being, in truth, anything but insensible), although coy in the first onset. Presently she finds, her still invisible lover indignant at her assumed coldness, and has, in her turn, to court him and soften his heart. Then came the expressions of satisfaction at reciprocated love, upon which the music becomes more lively, till it closes the performance, much to the gratification of the beholders, who came forward to express their compliments to the fair Terpsichore, who has thus enchanted them.

This dance, which is called "*kasatsha*,"\*

\* The following is from Kohl's "Russia" (Chapman and Hall), a work which throws much light on the state and history of that empire.

"The favourite dance in Little Russia is the *kasatsha*.



appears to be generally executed by two persons, but in the present instance I suppose that there was no gentleman who felt compe-

One pair only dance at the same time. The dancer, after having selected his partner, seeks to allure her by a number of seductive graces into the circle formed by the spectators, and when at last the lady has allowed herself to be prevailed on to begin, it is some time before she shows any signs of weariness. Her gestures are of course less rapid and expressive than her partner's, but she also sometimes indulges in the toss of the head and the shrugging of the shoulders, so characteristic of the Russian dance, even while she affects to avoid the amorous swain, and to repulse him with her hands.

"A Russian does not dance merely with his legs and his feet, though he evidently entertains no small regard for those members of his political body, often glancing at them most affectionately while he dances, and throwing open his sheepskin coat, that he may admire their paces the more conveniently; but they are far from having the dance all to themselves, his head, hands, and arms being likewise in continual motion, whenever he wishes to heighten the expression of his pantomime. Not only every feature of his countenance, but every muscle of his body, is kept in play, The meaning of the *kasatsha* is this: an amorous swain makes all sorts of gestures and postures to please his mistress, and seems at turns in rapture and despair; his prudish partner is at first unmoved by all his solicitations, but gradually she

tent to do justice to it with so charming a partner; and, moreover, had there been one her equal, in point of artistic power, he might

softens, and the dance ends with an embrace and a kiss. One couple played their parts so admirably that they drew down the warmest applause, and excited the gaiety of all present.

"The spectators are not mere lookers-on on these occasions, but show a lively interest in the progress of the dance, criticize the performers without the least reserve, and frequently enliven their evolutions with a vocal accompaniment. On these occasions a constant fire of *bon mots* is often kept up. Towards the end of our festivity, when the hilarity of the company was becoming more and more unrestrained, even the beggars, who had been attracted by the sounds of merriment, began to muster courage and mingle in the dance. One of them, who was many degrees removed from sobriety, a dirty rogue, with every mark of the vagabond upon him, from his tattered hat down to the torn remnants of his boots, was received with an obstreperous chorus of laughter when he entered the circle to display his abilities on the light fantastic toe. Nothing daunted by such a reception, nor by the incessant banterings of an admiring crowd, he went gaily through his evolutions, and seemed to enjoy the fun quite as much as though it had not been raised at his own expense.

"The prettiest Russian dance, however, is the *vesnänka*, which can only be danced in the open air. A party of young



have felt it hazardous to expose himself to the fascinations of one whose personal beauty was only rivalled by her modesty of manners.

girls join hands, and trip it away from one end of the village to another, unaccompanied by any other music than their own voices. One girl acts as leader, determines the ever-varying figure of the dance, and is closely followed by her companions. Now the train advances in a straight line; now it winds into a multitude of intricate mazes; and now again the merry party unravel the knot into which they have so ingeniously wound themselves, or, joining hands, form a merry circle, moving rapidly round without stirring from the spot. The *vesnänka* never fails to put life into the whole village. The old people come into the streets to rejoice in the sprightly movements of their daughters; the children muster speedily to form their own *vesnänka*, and the young men are not slow in making up similar parties of their own. Sooner or later it mostly happens that the two sexes join hands, and then the merriment grows fast and furious. The perseverance of the dancers on these occasions is wonderful; when such a dance has once begun it mostly lasts till the end of the day.

"Nor were our guests deficient in perseverance. The gay scene was prolonged till a late hour of the night, when the party formed again into procession to return to their village, where they purposed to renew their merry-making, for no Malorossian considers that less than four days ought to be devoted to a feast that is to exercise so lasting an influence over the remainder of his life."

So gentle and unassuming was she that she became the favourite of the evening, one officer vieing with the other for the honour of her hand in the dance. But *one* there was in that festive scene, who had previous to this night made some impression upon her heart; and so successfully did he now plead, that before the party had broken up, an interchange of love tokens took place between himself and her.

And now, to show how ridiculously small is the prattle of the town, I must remark that it was rumoured at Odessa, that the officers of the "Tiger" were so much enchanted with this young lady's dancing, that one of them, acting as delegate on the part of the rest, presented her with a gold bracelet on a silver salver! How much soever they might have been enchanted by her modesty and grace; where was the bracelet? where the salver to have come from?

Count Potocki, the father of this young lady, was a Pole, and had been a man of consider-



able property, which was much reduced and yet sufficient to keep him independently. He had served his time in the army, and was now retired to pass the remainder of his days in quiet agricultural pursuits on his estate which was situated at some thirty miles to the west of Odessa. The count found it necessary to have a house in town, where he occasionally brought up his eldest daughter to indulge her with a little change, and enable her to enter into society, and attend the opera, &c.

His eldest son, Auguste, who was two years older than his sister, was a student at Odessa, and had, during the attack, taken a lively interest in the movements of the troops. An instance of the bravery of this lad, who was barely eighteen, may be given: seeing one of the Russian soldiers disabled whilst in the act of carrying powder to the Mole, he stepped into the ranks and filled his place, continuing to act with the soldiers, and encouraging the men to activity in supplying the guns with ammunition until the firing had ceased. His

conduct attracted the attention of a captain who reported him to his senior officer, and thus it came to the general's ears ; fifteen days after this the count received an order to attend on the general, who congratulated him on the happiness of possessing a son of such distinguished spirit, and then informed him, that it had pleased his Imperial Majesty to send his son a commission in the army, of which the general politely observed, " He had shown himself so worthy." Young Potocki was therefore forthwith installed, and took the command of a small body of men, then at Odessa, the the officer of which had recently died of violent pleurisy.

About this time, the officers were all marched off to Riazan, with the exception of myself ; I was detained at the particular wish of General Rollsberg, to serve as an interpreter in case of need ; for I believe that the local authorities were of opinion that there would soon be a general landing of the combined troops of France and England, and there was no know-



ing how far my knowledge of languages might be called in request. I thus passed three weeks at Odessa, before we were exchanged, and it is the result of my observations during this epoch, as well as that which has since come to my knowledge, that I propose to lay before the public. I reserve to myself the faculty of being silent on some circumstances which my acquaintance with the Russian language enabled me to discover, and which I may not think necessary to expose to the public. I will, however, do my best to satisfy the curiosity of my readers, as far as I can do so consistently with honour.

Our doctor was the only officer recalled from the party that started for Riazan, in order to be exchanged afterwards. But after his return, I saw little or nothing of him; as we lived in different parts of the town, and I became bewildered, being in a vortex of amusement and excitement of mind, of which I fear I shall give but a faint idea to my readers; my descriptive powers being only limited.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Visit the count at his country seat—His family—The English governess—Our dinner party—A damp on the spirits of the company—The cause divulged—Insubordination punished with death—Anecdote—Letter announcing the conditions of a “Raccommodement”—Reasons for the superior officer being so easily satisfied.

ON the 12th of June I started for the country-seat of Count Potocki, whose kind invitation to pass a few days at his house, and “see the sports of the people carried on by his serfs,” I had accepted with pleasure. The count had sent me a letter, to say that his carriage would be returning empty on that day from Odessa, where he had sent it with his major-domo, to procure different things required for his family, and that he advised me to avail myself of a seat in it. I had no difficulty in



obtaining leave of absence, as it had been previously decided that I should be one of the officers who were to be exchanged; I was therefore virtually free. Still, as the exchange had not taken place, etiquette required that I should make the request, and it was most graciously accorded me.

I reached the count's residence about half-past five, and had just time to wash and change before dinner was announced at table. I was agreeably surprised to see a young English lady, who, I found, acted as governess to the count's second daughter, "Alfreda,"—(called in her family by the pet name of "Amy,")—a beautiful child of fourteen.

I must beg Miss Amy's pardon for speaking so lightly of her. She was indeed no child. Nor did she consider herself so. In those countries, Spring blooms long before it does in more northern climes, and many a girl is married at this age. She was possessed of mind far beyond her years; and had had her intellectual faculties cultivated carefully from her

earliest infancy. The pet of her father, she would sit on his knees for hours when a mere child, and listen with intense interest to all he had to say. Frequently has it happened when he was engaged in political conversation with some intimate friend, and had quite forgotten his attentive child—in the earnestness with which he pursued his subject—on a sudden pause he was startled by the most extraordinary and apt question put by her for an explanation of certain knotty points.

These interrogations naturally brought his mind to wonder at the precocious intellect that had been capable of so attentively noting every word he had spoken.

Her mind had not had time to be stored with information such as is acquired at school, but it was *cultivated*. There is a great difference between a cultivated mind and an instructed one, which my readers will easily understand. The former gives force to the imagination and understanding—the latter only clothes it with the semblance of learning, and



often leaves it bare, although replete with common-place information.

As she grew older she had the good fortune to be placed under the influence of one of the most intellectual women whom I have ever met. Miss Eliza Kingsford formed my *beau-ideal* of a governess: barely twenty-three, she looked older by many years—not from an assumption of a steady look, but from having begun life early. She had been an orphan from the age of three years, having had the misfortune to lose both her father and mother within six months of each other. Since that, she had been completely dependent on a maiden aunt, whose means had but just sufficed to give her an education that rendered her competent to fill the post of governess. The count, who had three very young children by his second wife (who, poor thing! had died in less than five years after her marriage), wrote to England for a governess and nurse, both of whom had been sent to him about two years previous to this time.

I said that the young ladies were fortunate in having such an instructress. Miss Kingsford possessed every requisite to teach. Her judgment was sound, her mind cultivated—a natural taste for music had done more for her than masters had ; her manners were ladylike, her temper sweet, and in person she was most pleasing.

But, in this respect, I shall attempt no description, further than saying, that her face reminded me more of Baily's Eve than of any living countenance I ever saw. She had, also, great firmness of character, which, had it not been for her great good sense, might have degenerated into obstinacy. Devoid of all prejudices, she had an intellectuality of mind which few women possess, and it was this mental cultivation which I afterwards perceived so remarkable in Amy Potocki.

Such was the company to whom I was introduced just as dinner was announced. The count led the way with Miss Kingsford, I followed with Miss Potocki, Auguste took



charge of his younger sister. When we entered the dining-room I found there were three more services than were required for six: these, I learned, were intended for the younger children, who were regularly brought in at the dessert, the count observing, that he had more pleasure in looking at their cheeks than at the finest peaches in Russia.

The conversation during my first meal at the hospitable table of the worthy count was constrained; I could not guess the cause, but there appeared to be something weighing on the mind of our host, and the face of Auguste was flushed. His sisters had perceived the alteration in their father and brother, although, like myself, ignorant of the reason, and it had weighed on their spirits. The governess had most command of herself, and kept up the conversation *with* all and *for* us all. There was no deficiency of subjects: late events at Odessa were reviewed in succession, and, gradually, all present made their remarks, and passed their jokes, on the different topics of the day.

Still there was a dampness on the ardour of every one, which was not removed till the servants and children had retired. The ice was first broken by the youngest of the company.

"Papa," said Amy, gliding to his side, and taking a chair, while she looked him archly in the face, and brought her brow to his cheek, "what is the matter? what has happened? can you mistrust any of us present, that you withhold from us some important secret?"

"It is no secret, my dear," said her father, pressing his hand on her head, as he kissed her forehead. "It is, unfortunately, no secret: your brother has struck his superior officer: his Polish blood rose within him, and he has committed an act for which death alone can atone, according to Russian law."

We were all thunderstruck, and the cheeks of the ladies blanched as this announcement fell on their ears. Young Potocki could no longer restrain the expression of his rage.

He entered, with vehemence, into a detail of facts, whereby we clearly saw that the provo-



cation he had received was great, and we could not but feel that, in some respects, he was not to blame. Still it was his superior officer that he had struck, and the law is clear and distinct on that point.

If a court-martial was held, he must be condemned to be shot. The only hope was that, with a little money, the thing might be hushed up.—A great deal may be done with this potent medium, not only in Russia, but all over the world.

I suggested that, before it was too late, some third person should be intrusted with the commission of endeavouring to stop any further proceedings in this matter. The Count informed me that this had already been done by his direction, and that he was anxiously waiting to hear the result.

He then related to me a characteristic anecdote, which I will here recount, premising that what may be true of a *single* individual should not attach itself to the character of *all* of his class, there being, doubtless, many

honourable and high spirited men among Russian officers. An officer had struck his superior, and mutual friends intervened to hush up the matter. It was agreed that the sum of fifty roubles should be paid by the offending party, together with some kind of verbal apology or excuse. When the parties met for this purpose, the young man produced two rouleaux of fifty roubles, which he laid on the table: then going up to his opponent, as if about to make the required apology, he said, "Here, sir, are the fifty roubles for the blow I have already given you; and here, fifty more for *this one*,"—and suiting the action to the word, he gave him another box on the ear! The count added, that the aggrieved officer pocketed the money, and contented himself with grinning defiance.

As we were still conversing on this all-absorbing topic, the servant entered with a letter, which he presented to his master. I saw the count's hand tremble as he opened it, and, shading his eyes from the glare of the lamp, he



held the letter beneath it, and began to read. In an instant his countenance brightened, and he exclaimed, as he put the letter down upon the table, "The dirty villain!"

We did not need to be told that the letter was satisfactory, and that the epithet was applied to the person who had agreed to hush up the affair for the trifling sum of twenty-five roubles.

The fact was, that according to Russian etiquette, it was the duty of the commanding officer to have cut down, with his sword, any insubordinate junior; and not having done so, this man was compromised, and glad to let the matter drop so cheaply.

Our spirits were soon restored, and the young ladies proceeded to an adjoining apartment, communicating by folding-doors with the dining-room. We soon joined them, and comfortably established ourselves with the gay and useful samovar before us, at which Miss Potocki presided, and made tea for us,—such tea as is drunk only in Russia.

## CHAPTER IX.

The Russian samovar—German song—Russian national air—Sons of Rusland famed in story—Retrospect of the past and the present state of public feeling in England regarding the Russian nation—A fishing party—"The feast of reason and the flow of soul"—The khan—Nature of Simpheropol.

LIEUTENANT ROYER has given a description of the samovar, and explained its utility. I will only, therefore, advert to it, in order to confirm what he says regarding the desirability of our adopting this instrument among our many English comforts.

Tea being finished, and the cups and saucers removed, Miss Potocki went to the piano, and after a short prelude, very fairly played, she sang a little German serenade, with much taste and feeling. The words are well known to the



English public, it having been one of Herr  
Formes's songs some years back.

Warum bist Du so ferne! O mein Lieb!  
Es leuchten mild die Sterne, O mein Lieb!  
Der mond will schon sich neigen  
In seinem stillen Reigen  
Gut nacht mein süßes Lieb.

Es rauschen sanft die Wogen, O mein Lieb!  
Ach! Du bist fort gezogen. A! mein Lieb!  
Jeh wandle stumm in Haine  
Und klags dem Monden scheine  
Gut nacht mein süßes Lieb.

Es regen sich im Herzen, O mein Lieb!  
Die alten bösen schmerzen, O mein Lieb!  
Sie frauen und sie kränken  
Denn ich muss Dein gedenken  
Du fernes süßes Lieb du süßes Lieb O mein Lieb!

I thought she laid particular stress and expres-  
sion of feeling on the last line, and wondered  
whether the flirtations of the dancing party  
had really left a lasting impression on her  
heart.

I asked Miss Amy to favour us with a song,  
and as she preferred joining her elder sister in

a duet, they selected one out of "Pietro il Grande," which, I dare say, never would have found its way to Odessa, if it had not been that the words had a particular attraction. They are as follow:—

CANTO NAZIONALE—"DI MOSCOVIA ELETTI  
FIGLI."

Di Moscovia eletti figli  
Cui virtude ognor conduce  
Sulla fronte a voi traluce  
Della gloria il chiaro sol.

Pien il sen di patrio amore  
Erto avete un vasto impero  
De' vostr' atti il mondo intero  
Favellar con vanto suol.

Di Moscovia eletti figli  
Prima al ciel voi gloria date,  
Poi fedeli, onor voi fate  
Al supremo vostro Sir.

Per lui d'inni il tempio suona  
Che benigno il ciel lo guardi  
Che sul crin la sua corona  
Possa a lungo custodir!

Sons of Rusland famed in story!  
Firm of heart, sincere, unchanging,  
Ne'er from truth or valor ranging,  
Honor's star still shines before you!

Zeal and patriot love that souls  
make strong,  
Praise and lustre for your cause  
have won!  
While high gallant deeds all na-  
tions own  
Shall fame resound your power  
and glory!

Sons of Rusland famed in story!  
Heaven first claims your heart's  
devotion!  
Each bright hope, each fond emo-  
tion  
Burns for him who watches o'er you,

Prayers on high you waft to save  
the Czar,  
He, his people's sire, his country's  
star,  
Sees alone their good in peace or  
war,  
And lives to prove their power  
and glory!



Di Muscovia elletti figli  
 Pieno il cor di molle affetto  
 Santo amore vi stringe il petto  
 In concordia e in amistà.

Ma di guerra al soffio ardente  
 L' alma audace, il braccio forte  
 La Vittoria ovver la morte  
 E il pensier che in sen vi sta.

Sons of Rusland, famed in story,  
 Mild in nature, tender, loving,  
 Hand and heart your kindness  
 proving  
 When soft peace is smiling o'er you.

But when blows the blast of war  
 on high  
 Ruthless to the foe, your mercies  
 fly!  
 One great hope—to conquer or to  
 die—  
 Inspires you on to power and glory.

The melody of this song is really fine, and is the only redeeming quality in Jullien's opera. It was sung with much taste and feeling by the young ladies, who however, after the first verse, turned off into the Russian words which are somewhat different, but much more expressive. I could not help thinking on the transitory state of feeling in the public mind! A few short months back this song had been received in London with some favour. No one *then* stopped to consider the import of the words! And now, because the will and obstinacy of one man drive him to maintain an unjust war, his whole nation is condemned to the hatred and animosity of the British people!

*O tempora ! O populi !*

Could any one at present dare to bring out this song on the stage? Yet the two people are the same then as now.

The younger sister then played something of her own composition ; her execution was by no means artistic, for she had had little time to form her touch, but there was something so particularly moving in the pathos with which she played, that it sank into my very soul. I can never forget it, whether it be given me to live many years of happiness or of sorrow. That thrilling sound flowing from the concordance of notes that melted one into the other and resounded together *as one*, still finds its echo in my memory !

The next morning we agreed to have a little fishing party. Young Potocki had accompanied his father to look after some farming concerns, and they were to decide on the best quarter of the country where we might have a good day's chase, and wild boar hunt, as soon



as the Tartar Khan should arrive, whom they daily expected to pay them a visit.

I was therefore left in charge of the ladies, a delightful task at all times, but more particularly on this occasion. Three such charming persons it had never been my lot to meet, and I felt as happy, as I was forgetful of the consequences to which I was exposing my heart.

We had not far to go, as there was a little canal that had been cut to bring the water from the Dniester, some miles off. This canal, or rather watercourse, was narrow and shallow,—but carp were to be caught in some parts of it. Although a seaman the greater part of my life, I had never taken to fishing, and I knew nothing about it. But it was all the same. I was delighted to be in such company, and to be taught by such fair hands, I felt I could have learnt anything and gone anywhere.

Our conversation was light and unrestrained; there was no attempt at showing what we knew to each other. Sometimes it was most trifling and innocent; at others we talked of Europe,

of England, of friends whom we portrayed to each other. We gave our opinion on politics, poetry, anything, everything, freely and unreservedly. This was truly "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." My young friend, Amy, listened attentively, but said little. Her cheek was flushed, and I could see that not a remark had been lost to her understanding. We sat chiefly under the shadow of a moveable tent, or rather canvas wall that was raised to shelter us from the sun. It was made of a large piece of thick cotton stuff, six or eight feet square, two poles being run into a doubled border, and extended from each other as far apart as the cotton stuff would let them, and stuck into the ground. Three ropes from the top were extended to some distance, and fastened by tent pegs into the ground, so as to steady this skreen from the wind.

I cannot say that we were very successful in the fishing line; I had one nibble, and each of my companions caught something, I scarcely recollect what; but what I do recollect per-



fectly is, that we were all much pleased with our day's sport, and returned home in high glee and good humour.

The Khan had arrived. I call him khan, that being the appellation I heard applied to him; and if I ever heard his real name I have forgotten it. But no matter; it was either Ahmed, or Ali, or Mustafa, or some such name. The Khan then was a man of about forty-two, but looked older, as he was much sun burnt. He had a bright complexion, coal-black beard, and such piercing intelligent eyes! He spoke Russian; and I subsequently heard that he was from one of the principal families in the neighbourhood of Simpheropol, and was chief of those Tartar tribes that pass all their lives under tents, yearly migrating with their flocks to the north of the Crimea, and returning to their winter quarters between Simpheropol and Kaffa, in the months of November, December, and January. The Khan was of an inquiring mind, and paid frequent visits to Odessa, where he entered into agreements with the

merchants of the place, to furnish them with a certain quantity of sheeps' wool and lambs' skins. He used to make the count a yearly visit, and was a great favourite of every one in the establishment. Accounts of his prowess were in the mouth of everybody. "The Khan could do this," "The Khan could do that," and every one looked forward to his arrival as the signal for merry-making and having good sport.



## CHAPTER X.

My anxiety to be introduced to the Khan—His ingenuousness of character—The Tartar tongue—Description of the Khan's appearance—His courteous demeanour—The Russian choral music as described by Lieutenant Royer—The Tartar greyhounds—The Turcoman bogies—The Tartar horse—The Khan's goshawk and lanner—Our calvacade—The flight and capture of two partridges—The gazelle—The coursing match—The death.

HAVING heard all this and much more in favour of this Khan, I was quite curious to see him, and desirous of making his acquaintance. All I had heard, however, came short of his deserts. During our stay together at the hospitable mansion of the count, I had many opportunities of *studying* the man. I was drawn to this from my first impressions of him. He appeared to me to be just what man would

be were he left unfettered by the trammels of conventional assuetude. His mind was unbiassed by the shackles of disease in childhood; its faculties, although not cultivated in one sense of the word, had been left free to form themselves according to the dictates of nature; nor did he appear to be deficient in information. He was of fine stature, such as you see only in the Caucasian man, and his demeanour was free, as if he considered himself equal to all, and looked upon all as equal to him, and there was no presumption of superiority beyond that of the inward consciousness of the nobleness of his own soul. Such was the remarkable person to whom I was introduced. The conversation which, at the count's residence, had been in English, up to this time, was turned to Russian, out of compliment to the Khan, who spoke nothing else, except the "Tartar," an original language, from which the Turkish of the present day is descended.

The Tartars pride themselves on their language, being the primary mother-tongue, and



say that what is spoken at Constantinople is only a corruption of it, mixed with Arabic. As they have adopted the Mahomedan religion, they are also required to use some Arabic words in their prayers, but not to the extent that has been done in Constantinople, where the contact with civilization is more immediate, and many words are required to express things that enter not into the category of a Tartar's mind, or of his language.

When we returned, the Khan was in the garden, giving directions about his hawks; and when I was first introduced to him he was just handing his falcon (which he had finished feeding), to his attendant. A romantic looking man he was! He wore a broad turban (white mixed with straw-coloured flowers embroidered with china grass), hanging over on one side. His gold laced jacket reached below his girdle; this last was made of silk, checked and striped in various colours: large wide trousers of red cloth reached to the knee; his legs were bandaged with embroidered

gaiters, and lost in the wide boots that reached his shins.

He came forward and acknowledged my greeting courteously; he asked some questions as to my sporting capabilities, and if I was fond of hawks, &c. Man is a huntsman by nature, and among those people who follow the dictates of nature, you will find every man more or less a sportsman; to rise in their estimation you should outdo them in what they pride themselves most upon. I had heard a good deal of the wonderful feats of these people, and was glad of the present opportunity of witnessing (as I had no doubt I should do the next day), the prowess and skill of the Khan.

I passed as charming an evening as the last, and we were treated with some delightful glees, sung by young Potocki and the three ladies. There is something peculiar in the simple melody of the Russians, which must be heard to be fully appreciated. Lieutenant Royer has already described the choral



music of the Russians, and I can but confirm his assertion, that it has so much the semblance of an organ being played in unison with the high notes, that it is some time before you can realize the idea that such is not the case. And so it is with their glees; the voices are so drawn in concord that they require no piano accompaniment; which however in this instance, was played by one or other of the ladies; and although not actually needed, yet added to the harmony of their voices. The Khan was in ecstasies! He threw himself back on the sofa, with his right arm on one of the cushions, he seemed lost in thought. A photographer, had it been daylight, might have taken as many copies of him as he liked, for he was immovable, scarcely breathing; and giving signs of life only by an almost imperceptible movement of his fingers as they kept time, his soul internally beating to the rich tones that reached his ear.

As we all anticipated a good day's sport, we

retired early to rest in order to be up betimes the next day.

On descending to the breakfast-room I found every one on the stir, and having mounted our horses started about eight o'clock. The Khan had his own horses, and was accompanied by his falconer and groom also mounted on horseback. The latter had the Khan's gun slung over his shoulders, and held a leash in his hand to tie up, when requisite, two fine greyhounds that kept close to him. These greyhounds are beautiful creatures, very different from the breed we have in England; they have curly ears and tails, not unlike a setter, and are particularly delicate in their forms; they do not possess the stamina of our English short haired greyhound, but I cannot help thinking that they are more agile.

The Khan's inseparable companions (or rather his horse's companions) were a pair of bogies. This is a breed of dogs that the Tartars possess, such as might result from a cross



between a setter and a Scotch terrier. They are very hairy over the face, and all over the body, which enables them to creep through the thick thorny brushwood, found not unfrequently on the steppes of Asia, and which consists chiefly, I believe, of the caper plant. The activity of these little dogs is astonishing, but as if aware of the work before them, they kept close to their master. But to return to the Khan. His horse was by no means a showy animal, it was almost square, so short was it! and such a barrel! its shoulder was a perfect model, and its croup denoted the Arab breed from which it was descended in a fifth or sixth generation. Its walk was an amble so easy and yet so swift, that none of our horses could keep up with it, although nearly twice its size. He carried on his hand his favourite goshawk, and his other man had the falcon hooded. This latter was a lanner of some years' standing, and a bird of great value, as we shall see presently.

The cavalcade consisted of the count and his son, both well mounted, but not on expen-

sive horses, being more remarkable as strong useful brutes, that could do a good day's work, whilst the ladies had small nags. Besides these were three attendants—myself, the Khan, and his two followers. The rest of the party were serfs of the count, who had preceded to the place where we expected to find some wild boars, in order to beat them out of cover.

We had hardly ridden for half an hour when two partridges rose; the Khan let off his hawk and followed at a hard canter, and the nearest partridge was soon seized by the goshawk; for the country here being rather naked, the birds could not take refuge in any bush. The Khan dismounted, wrenched the partridge out of the hawk's claws, and raised it up with his right hand, while he concealed the partridge with his left. The hawk looked about for the missing bird, then looking a-head, and seeing the other still flying, made off after it. The Khan threw the partridge, dead with fright, to his man, and bounding on his horse was soon in full gallop after his hawk.



We all came up as fast as we could follow, and saw the hawk perched on a very small bush. The Khan then descended, and raised it with his right hand, securing the leashes between his forefinger and thumb; he then quietly stooped and picked up the live partridge with the left, this poor creature being so frightened, had allowed itself to be taken by the Khan, rather than risk falling into the claws of its pursuer.

"Give it me!" cried Amy; "let me save its life, and make a pet of it."

"Here it is," replied the Khan; "but all your care will be thrown away—the bird will never recover its fright."

And so it proved, for it died two days after, although much looked after by the young lady, who spared no pains to restore it.

In the meanwhile the Khan's servant had ridden up, and throwing the first partridge into the air, the hawk caught it, and was allowed to plume and to eat the head. While we were looking on, much interested at the hawk, I

saw the man suddenly descend from his horse, and call the two greyhounds close to him.

I inquired why he tied them up? The man pointed to the plain before us, and said that there were gazelles in sight. We all looked, but in vain—we could see no sign of any such animals. The Khan had now remounted his horse, so, turning in the direction pointed out by his follower, he said that he distinctly saw two fine gazelles, the horns of one of which were just peering through the bushes. The other, he thought, was a female. I could not help remarking upon the force of habit, how exercise and practice sharpens the sight! Here was I, a mariner, that could see the smallest spar above the horizon, in vain looking in a plain for two large animals not a mile off!

The Khan promised us good sport if we would only follow his directions. He disposed us all in a circle, the diameter of which must have been nearly a mile and a half, and directed us then to close upon the gazelles, but



not before. We did as we were desired, and soon you might have seen the cavalcade disperse, the gentlemen going the furthest round. Having completed our circle, we all halted for the signal. The Khan, who had remained stationary with his attendants, now sent one forward on foot, whilst the other held his fellow servant's horse.

The man proceeded with the two dogs in a leash, and was very near the gazelles before he was perceived, as their attention was engaged by the riders in the distance. He also availed himself of a little irregularity in the country, from behind which he approached to within two hundred yards. Here the gazelles saw him, and pricked up their ears ready to start; but as he stopped they kept looking at him. In the meanwhile he had let the dogs loose; these knew what they were to do, and now made straight for the gazelles. Thus taken by surprise, for they had not perceived the dogs until they were close in upon them, they en-

deavoured, but too late, to escape ; directly they began to run the Khan made the concerted signal, by cantering towards them, and we closed on every side just in time to see the male taken, after a very short run of barely half a mile.\*

We all dismounted to let our horses take wind, the ladies, though evidently pleased, exclaiming at the cruelty of killing such a pretty animal. The Khan's servant took off the hood from the falcon and let him fly on the gazelle, while his master let loose the goshawk, and gave the two birds a pluck together. I asked why he did this, and was told that it was expedient, in order that they should both be desirous of flying after a gazelle if required, and, at the same time, keep friends with each other. I observed that they did not seem to entertain much affection, the one for the other, as they were both most intent on their prey.

\* I brought home the horns of this gazelle, and they serve as very ornamental handles to a carving knife and fork.



The Khan's reply was, "You shall see, perhaps, in the course of the day, how useful the falcon is to the goshawk, while the latter often provides it with food." \*

\* The falcon is an uncertain bird, the goshawk more steady; so that often, when the falcon "turns tail," and will not hunt, the goshawk is found very useful in providing food for it.

## CHAPTER XI.

Further information on hawking—The wild boar in cover—The rencontre, and self-defence—Courage over the fallen foe—The count wounds a wild boar—We return to the tent—The goshawk takes a hare—The eagle, lord of the sky, overcome by the lanner falcon—The rescue—The khan the hero of the day—Shoots two gazelles—A "*coup double*."

I WAS ashamed of my ignorance, and yet my desire for information got the better of any prudential motives, and I continued my questioning.

"*Why* had he not let off the hawks at the gazelle?"—I received for answer, that the dogs being fresh, he was almost certain of their taking it; and, if not, he expected that one or the other of the hawks might have come in as capital adjuncts towards the close of the chase.



The goshawk would have been let off if the gazelles and the dogs in pursuit had passed close to the Khan; if, on the contrary, they had made off in an opposite direction, and had gained upon the dogs, his man would have let off the falcon, who, more strong of wing, and accustomed to long flights, would have been more useful than the goshawk, who never flies above a thousand yards at a time—often scarcely that distance.

We now remounted, and made for the valley where the wild boars were supposed to be. Once more dismounting, near a little tent which had been pitched on the brow of the hill, the Khan, at the request of the count, placed his hawks on perches he carried with him for that purpose, near the tent, and left his two dogs beside them, causing the latter to be tied up, that they should not follow us. The ladies remained in the tent to await our return, and hear each relate his particular adventure.

All the men were armed with double-barrelled guns, with the exception of myself, and I

chose a short lance, which I fancied would be of more use, and bring me in closer contact with the grim boar.

The count's sportsman then stationed us all round a little valley, at a distance of a hundred yards from each other ; and requested each not to move from his post, come what would. He said, "Look through this passage—you see the marks on the ground of the boar's hoofs : this is one of the passes into the bush. When the serfs drive him, he will come out either here or at the next, and fall a prey to him whose lot it is to be stationed in his passage. The chances are even, and one place is quite as good as another." So saying, and recommending us all to keep quiet—the old sportsman went the round, placing the sentinels at each likely place. He selected the central stations for the count, his son, the Khan, and myself. The attendants extended on each side of us.

Presently I heard a great shouting and noise down in the little valley ; it was the serfs, who



were throwing stones to disturb the boar, and drive him from his cover.

I had not waited ten minutes, when I heard a gun fired—then a second—and presently a great noise of the monster rushing through the bush in front of me.

I confess that I was at first "taken aback," and hardly understood what it was, but my sense of danger soon roused my faculties to my aid, for the brute made right at me, on his way through his accustomed path. I had no time to get out of the way (which perhaps I might have done otherwise), but as it was, I had nothing left but to stand at bay and present the lance to the advancing foe.

Fortunately, I hit him in the shoulder-blade; this crippled him, and stopped the impetus with which he was coming upon me, and which would certainly have upset me. Three or four dogs had now come up, and bitten at his hind legs. I drew my lance to have another thrust in a more vulnerable part, but he, disregarding the dogs whom he appeared to despise, made

at me again ; so that I had no remedy but to stick the lance again in the shoulder blade, and call aloud to the Khan for assistance. A man who was stationed the nearest to me, on my left, came up ; and, seeing how matters stood, fired close to the animal and laid it low.

It was amusing then to see how the dogs became suddenly courageous, and approached its head, biting it at the neck ; whilst they had kept clear of him while alive, in fear of his terrible tusks. Such, alas ! is fallen greatness ; often trampled on in misfortune by those who had courted or feared it in the zenith of its power.

I take no merit to myself in the contest with the wild boar, for I was quite the creature of circumstances at the time, and scarcely knew what I was about. We now proceeded towards the place whence the report of the guns had issued, and came up to the Khan, who stood firm to his post. I persuaded him to accompany me to the next station, where we found the count, who had fired and wounded a female boar, but not sufficiently to stop her career ; and she had in con-



sequence made off. We three now made for the station of Auguste, and found he was gone in pursuit of a boar he had shot; therefore ascending a little hill in the direction we imagined he had taken, we could from thence see him at the distance of three or four hundred yards, surrounded by the dogs, and something black at his feet. We went towards him, and found that he had wounded a small pig, barely a year old, which had fallen a prey to the dogs that had overtaken him, and stopped his progress until young Potocki had come up to despatch him. Well pleased with our exploits we returned to our tents, and found the ladies ready to hear all we had to relate.

There was many a joke made at my expense whilst we had our luncheon, and these I deemed it wisest to take in good part. The most interested in the sport was the youngest girl, whose masculine mind seemed to take great pains in learning everything that regarded the wild sports of man. As to the Khan, I believe she looked upon him as a being of

another sphere, and listened with marked attention to every detail that he gave. This struck me as very peculiar, and I fancied that hers was a spirit far above her sex, as well as her years.

We now remounted our horses to return home by another route. *Chemin faisant*, we started a hare, which the goshawk seized by the head before it had gone thirty yards, and the dogs soon coming up, despatched it. The Khan dismounted, and cut open the head so as to allow of the bird having a peck or two; and then he remounted. I asked why this cruelty? as the hare was barely dead; and was told that if the hawk is not encouraged every time he takes a quarry, with some little morsel, he gets disgusted, and finishes by not hunting; "because recollect" added the Khan, "that the bird is hunting for *itself* and not for *you*, and as it is kept ravenous in order to hunt with alacrity, it must be fed a little to keep it keen at its work."

He had hardly finished speaking, when a partridge rose at about a quarter of a mile off.



He let go his impatient bird, and turning to me, exclaimed, "Follow me closely, for we shall have a long flight here, as the law given is so great." We galloped on to where we saw the hawk had stopped, in a plain almost without a bit of brushwood. He had evidently seized the partridge after a long pursuit; but suddenly I saw the Khan pull up, and shout to his servant who was a hundred yards behind. Quicker than I take the time to relate it, the servant had unhooded and let off the lanner, which flew past us, almost scraping the ground with its wings.

Still I was at a loss to know why this had been done, when looking forward, I saw something descending from the heavens, and which looked like nothing I had ever before seen. However, whatever it was, before it had reached the ground, I saw the falcon make up to it, and at a height of about forty feet, seize it. I then discovered that it was a large vulture\* that was making for the goshawk, which

\* I can resemble the descent of a large vulture to

it would certainly have killed and carried off long before the Khan could have come to its assistance. The vulture, having been seized by the falcon just under the left wing, could not fly, and fell to the ground; and long before I could get to it, the Khan was up and off his horse. The first thing he did was to tread on its head, while he seized both its legs and broke them, to prevent its hurting the falcon; he then cut its head off, on which he fed the lanner, giving it also a large part of the breast.

The servant had, during the time that we had halted to feed the lanner, brought the goshawk and captured partridge.

We now again remounted, preceded by the Khan, who was certainly the hero of the day: but, as if he had not done enough for glory, we had an opportunity of witnessing a feat that I should not have believed possible, had I not seen it. Perceiving a small flock of nothing than an apparel of brown cloth that might be carried by the wind, and seen falling at your feet unexpectedly, from the top of a high tower.



gazelles, the Khan asked us to wait where we were, until he should have had a shot at them. We complied with his request, and the following was the manner in which he set about it. Giving his goshawk to one of his servants, he sent the other (who had the gorged-hooded lanner on his fist) towards the gazelles. The man proceeded leisurely, but openly, so that the gazelles began to run. This was all that the Khan wanted, for he could now calculate exactly the direction they would take. The man having set the gazelles in motion, returned to his master. The Khan then started alone, and took up his post a thousand yards from us, in the direction where he now knew the gazelles would come. When he was there, the man again disturbed the gazelles by galloping at them; they made for that part where the Khan was awaiting them, and when within a couple of hundred yards of him, he galloped hard at them in a course forming right angles with that taken by the gazelles. These animals, it is known, never turn off when once started,

and running in one particular line, so that very soon he came as it were across their path, and they passed a few yards in front of his horse, when he managed to turn the latter in full pursuit, and then fired off his double-barrelled gun. The reader may judge of our surprise when we saw that two gazelles fell! As I premised, if I had not seen this I could not have believed it possible!



## CHAPTER XII.

Capabilities of the goshawk and of the lanner—The excitement of the sport of falconry—An exclusive and aristocratic amusement—Feat of shooting a lark on the wing with a pistol whilst at full gallop—Another extraordinary feat—Timour Mirza, Persian prince—The Khan charms every one—The first song, Divina Agnese—Melody, *Sio fossi un angelo del paradiso*—Cursory observations on music—Which pleases by association of ideas—My spiritual wanderings.

As we had to halt here whilst the Khan had the birds regaled on the gazelles (which he invariably did on all occasions "*to keep them keen to their work*"), one of his servants lighted a fire, and prepared us a cup of coffee each—having taken the precaution to bring with him water, and even a little charcoal to mix with any pieces of brushwood he might collect in order to make a fire.

We had no other opportunity of seeing the goshawk act, but I was informed that this bird was an equal adept at ducks, geese, and all kinds of wild fowl, that were not too swift for him. The lanner was kept solely for cranes, and vultures, or eagles. Sometimes she would give the dogs a lift at a gazelle, but the Khan told me that he found falcons became uncertain if allowed to fly at a variety of game; and that it was better to confine their attention to one or two only of the most important quarries.

I do not know whether the account I am giving of this long neglected regal sport of hawking will attract the attention of my readers; but I must confess that it had with me at the time (as the recollection of these feats still bears) an intense interest, which I can compare to nothing I have experienced in any other occupation. It seems to me, that those who have not known all the delights and excitement of hawking, are yet unacquainted with *all the pleasures of life*.



Would that some of our great families took it up, and rendered it fashionable: and they might be sure of enjoying an exclusively aristocratic amusement, because the pursuit of falconry is too expensive to be followed by any one in England who is not possessed of an independent fortune, such as few can boast, as it requires horses, dogs, men, and a vast extent of open country.

We now resumed our way home, and on nearing the farm, Auguste, who was determined that the Khan should show me all he could do, begged him to bring down a lark or two at full gallop. This he agreed to do, but made very light of the feat, modestly saying, "He was sure any one could do the same with a little practice." Then drawing a pistol\* from the holsters of his horse, he galloped up at a lark that was lying by the road, and, sure enough, as the bird was about fifteen feet from the ground, he having brought his horse below it, aimed,

\* The pistol was loaded with quail shot.

and brought it down, and pulled up his horse at the same time.

Another feat he performed which I could not understand, was that of taking a gun, loading it with three balls, and firing at a wall about two hundred yards off. One ball hit the mark,—a second ball fell at his feet,—and going up towards the place on which he had fired, he showed us the third ball, which had fallen *half way*.

I do not exactly recollect how this was done, but he explained it by saying, that it was by a peculiar way of loading the gun.\* We were all much charmed with the Khan, and with his unpretending modesty, and praised him to each other. I thought that Miss Kingsford said the least, but I saw her cheek flush,

\* Timur Mirza, one of the Persian princes, I am told, did the same thing when he was in England. There is little difference between the Persians and the chiefs of the Tartars: they are both Caucasians, and lead very much the same kind of life—always giving preference to tents, and only inhabiting their houses in the winter; the Tartars in the Crimea do the same.



and more particularly whenever he attempted to address her, which I fancied he did oftener during the day than was quite necessary, or than politeness imperatively required; and I could not help smiling at his attempts to make himself understood more by signs and looks than by words. When we reached home, the ladies sprang from their horses without assistance, and did not appear the least fatigued. An hour after, they were seated at table, as blooming and as soft and feminine in appearance, as if they had never taken part in any field sports in their lives.

In the evening I prevailed on Miss Alfreda to sing a song, unaccompanied by her sister or governess, as this was to be my last evening, and I had to return to Odessa the next day.

She first sang in the most enchanting and arch manner, the beautiful cavatina out of Bellini's *Beatrice di Tenda* :—

Tu basteresti a me,  
Come t'adoro e quanto  
Solo il mio cuor puo dirti

Gioja mi sei nel pianto  
Pace nel mio furore.  
Se della terra il trono  
Dato mi fosse offrirti  
Ah! non varrebbe il dono  
Cara del tuo bel cor.

Sol basteresti a me  
Come t'adoro e quanto  
Solo il mio cuor puo dirti  
Gioja mi sei nel pianto  
Pace nel mio furore.  
Se della terra il trono, &c.

I do not trust myself to say all the pleasure I experienced in hearing this song, so exquisitely sung—with such taste and feeling! I will therefore pass on to the next with which I was favoured during the evening.

It was a sweet little melody, well known in the musical world, but not the less attractive.

S'io fossi un angelo del paradiso  
Non potrei vivere da te diviso  
Cogl'ali miei, ti stringerei  
E sino a Dio ti menerei  
Chiedendo in premio di tua beltà  
Con te dividere l'eternità.



I was enchanted beyond measure with the soft sweet strains which still throb my heart with dear recollections that have made a lasting impression on my soul.

We had afterwards duets, trios, and glees, and passed one of those charming evenings to which the mind always reverts with deep sensations of pleasure.

I cannot but think what an extraordinary thing it is, that the combination of certain sounds, which alone would be nothing, should, collectively, have such power, as to soften even "the savage breast," while it absorbs the soul of one accustomed to it, and carries it beyond the spheres of earth! On the other hand, I have fancied that music is pleasing only by "the association of ideas." Take a man who has never heard anything but his wild mountain airs, play him the finest pieces of Rosini or Bellini, and you will find him unmoved. Play to him a jig he has heard in his childhood, and he is up in ecstasies at once. In order to enjoy the most perfect music to excess, you

must have heard it in former days. Often, when we hear a performance for the first time, we are bewildered, and know not what to make of it: and it is only when we have heard it repeatedly that we come to enter into its beauties and merits.

Is not, therefore, the power of music dependent, in some respect, on the association of ideas, which recall feelings of past sensations of happiness?

I cannot say that I slept that night, and yet I was not awake. I cannot even say that I dreamt, for it appeared to me that life had become one continued dream, day and night; and I felt as if some spirit of heaven was above me, still chanting the melody I had heard that evening,—and “*Con te dividere l’eternità*” was the sole “*refrain*” which I could bring myself to bear, in my wanderings, asleep or awake.



## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE KHAN'S QUESTIONS.

I HAD promised to accompany the Khan into Odessa, and as we had a long ride before us, it was very delightful to find the weather so magnificent! I promised myself an agreeable day in the company of this extraordinary person; for, surely, a more highly gifted man I had not met with, and yet education had done little for him. But nature had been prodigal, and, following her dictates, here he was, in his native simplicity, equal not only to many a civilized being, but even superior to most others!

Our parting from the family was only temporary, as they were to proceed to Odessa also; and, though starting some hours after us, would reach before us in their calèche.

The count had business of importance to transact, and Auguste was to have an interview with his offended superior officer, and make *l'amende honorable*, which, of course, he could not refuse to do. The ladies were coming to town to attend an opera, which was to be performed for the first time; and so we should all meet again in Odessa!

We were soon on the road. Our particular party consisting of the Khan, myself, and his two attendants, with their hawks and dogs. He relaxed his horse's pace in order that mine might keep up with him, and we soon fell into an agreeable chit-chat.

I should have some difficulty in detailing on paper all that passed between us on this memorable occasion; but I will do my best to give the reader an idea of some of the questions put to me by the Khan, and of the answers I gave him. I confess I felt a little nettled at finding myself so hard pushed for good reasons by one who had not seen anything of the Western world, and I resolved, on my return



home, to study, more particularly, the political economy of my country, in order, on another occasion, to do greater justice to it.

He began, by saying, "I am happy in finding one, who, speaking Russian so fluently as you do, will be able to explain to me some knotty points that have much puzzled me. The people I have met at Odessa have never satisfied my mind on the system of government in your adopted country—England. The Russians, generally, speak in such laudatory terms of it, whilst the English, themselves, grumble so much, that I really do not know what conclusions to draw. Perhaps you will kindly set me right, and give me a precise idea of this people, who, it seems, are now likely to become our masters."

I felt proud of being the champion of the English people. I resolved to do my best to implant in his mind the most favourable opinion possible of that nation.

I began by informing him, that it had been a long settled point among the ambitious and

jealous nobles of the land, that an hereditary succession in the monarchy was the certain means of preventing internal commotion or civil wars. As they were prohibited from any hopes of aspiring to rule over each other, by assuming the powers of royalty, which were already in the hands of a gracious Sovereign. That this Sovereign was all goodness, kindness, mildness, and generosity ; spending the royal revenue in doing good to her subjects, and in allotting pensions to the deserving ; but who, beyond this, interferes very little with the political arrangements of her ministers, on whom rests all the weight and responsibility of conducting public affairs.

I then proceeded to explain that it was considered important to have a "House of Lords," whose supposed hereditary wisdom would be a check on the profound deliberations of the Commons. Instancing, as a case in point, the firmness with which the claims of the Jews for admission into Parliament had been denied by *them*, although they were duly elected by the



people, and their right of admission recognized by the other branch of the legislature.

I then laid before him the advantages to the nation of having free and independent representatives, constituting the House of Commons, who are supposed to obtain their seats, without bribery or corruption, for the benefit of the nation, and exclusive of any personal interest.

I expatiated on the expediency of allowing the rich and great to enter our army by the purchase of commissions, that it might consist of affluent men, above the sordid considerations of pay.

I confessed that this was not so much the case in the navy ; because the labour there was more arduous, and formed no inducement to the independent sons of the higher classes. There were, however, I said, instances in which the younger sons of our nobility did enter the navy purely to lead us on to glory.

As to our civil service, I informed him that it embraced the advantages enjoyed by both the army and navy.

We had at its head the nobles of the land ; men of princely fortunes, who certainly must be presumed to be disinterested, since they condescend to hold the reins of the chief offices of the State for the small sums of from £1,500 to £3,000 a year. And, as their time could not be taken up by minutiae, they had plenty of relations or dependents on whom to lay the work, for the consideration of sums averaging from £80 to £300 a year. Thus a great saving was advantageously obtained in both the high and low places. Nothing could better conduce to the economy of the administrative offices than this system. And, as there was no chance of any one rising in employments that required only mechanical detail, there was no use in singling out young men of talent, who would never have an opportunity of distinguishing themselves.

No, our youth were better employed, and their energy directed to mercantile pursuits, more suited to the genius of the commonalty, than the cares and reins of office ; and this it



was which had contributed to our having been called "a nation of shopkeepers."

The Khan heard me with great attention, and when I had finished my eulogiums he made many curt observations, and asked me many questions that I was puzzled to answer. Among other remarks, I recollect one or two which I will here insert for the cogitation of the reader.

"From your simple narrative I think I must come to the following conclusions:—first, that it is a thousand pities your Queen does not take the reins of government in her own hands. Her goodness, and the sensibility of her mind, are certainly better adapted to render her people happy, by the quickness and impartiality of her decisions, than when every matter is to be debated by so many persons of contending opinions, who are seldom, it seems, *agreed* as to what shall be done. It seems to me that your ministers might well be converted into so many clerks; much more efficient, indeed, in

that capacity, merely doing duty, without any will of their own.

“As to your House of Lords, it seems to possess more influence than is consistent with the freedom of the nation, since they are enabled to go counter to the will of the people, of whom they form so small a part.

“As regards the members of the House of Commons, which appears to consist of men zealous and assiduous, it is a pity that they should have no recompense, after having spent large sums to obtain their seats.<sup>1</sup>

“I am glad to see that a sense of honour and glory is sufficient to lead your army to battle; but it is to be regretted that the poorer class should not have the same opportunity of obtaining commissions in the service.

“With regard to your navy I have little to remark, except it be that the principle of promotion, by seniority, is not equitably carried out.

“But I must protest against your civil service, which is most pernicious and unjust.



“Why, you are worse off than the Russians ! They, poor devils, depend on the goodwill of one man only, and if they can but get into his notice they are sure to rise to preferment. But with you, it seems to me so inconsistent that, calling yourselves a free people, you should consent to submit to the caprices of some hundred chiefs, who crouch to a dozen or so of men in office, in order to obtain a proper remuneration for your services !

“We, Tartars, are better off than either you English or the Russians ; for, although we are nominally under foreign rule, the government of the Emperor only interferes with us in exacting certain dues which we can easily defray. Otherwise, we are left pretty well to ourselves, and every man of us is as independent of his neighbour as possible.

“So far from our having to curry favour with our chiefs, they are dependent upon us, and would be set on one side, if they dared to give an unjust decision, and act in any way contrary to the will and good of the tribe.

“But as we all live unconstrained, and each family is governed by its father, and subservient to his paternal will, there is very seldom occasion for the interference of any one amongst us; except, perhaps, when a young man carries off a lass; then indeed he is compelled to make good her dowry, which is but right.”

I was certainly much struck by the off-hand manner with which the Khan cut the gordian knot of all my political difficulties.



#### CHAPTER XIV.

The Tartar horse and his rider—The absent friend and the disregarded admirer—The eloquence that results from a consciousness of the approval of your audience—The two young men are ordered to join the garrison of Sevastopol with Osten-Sacken's division—The English song.

It was late that night before we reached Odessa. As the Tartars ride their own horses from day to day, they never put them to work beyond their power of endurance, and in travelling generally *walk* them, except, perhaps, on any particular occasion, such as that of the starting of a hare on the road; or, perhaps, to gain a little way. On these occasions they will put their animals into a trot or canter, but generally speaking, they find the horse will go farther and longer on the sharp walk, which they keep at its utmost; and often towards evening

you may see the horse as impatient as his master, putting his best foot foremost, and then the walk is truly admirable.

Although only a seaman myself, I have sufficient of the Nimrod in me by nature, to admire such good qualities in a horse, and to appreciate the Tartar treatment of their beasts. There appears to be a clear understanding between the rider and his horse; a kind of indissoluble friendship, which nothing can mar, and which lasts for life.

As the count, who had preceded us in his carriage, had left word with the officer in command at the barrier, that we should reach Odessa that evening, we were expected, and had no difficulty in obtaining admission into the city. I retired to my quarters, after making over the horse I had ridden to one of the count's attendants, who was at the gate awaiting our arrival.

I slept soundly, and it was late before I made my appearance at the count's residence. Let not those of my readers who are fond of



romance, expect me to conform with the rules laid down from time immemorial—of representing lovers sleepless. I think it is really otherwise, and that as Thomson says,

“Exhausted nature sinks awhile to rest,”

as well in their case, as in that of those whose hearts have never been touched.

When late the next day I called at Count Potocki's; I found Auguste had already, in company with his friend Tschogoloff, been through the formula of presenting the money agreed upon, and making *l'amende honorable* expected of him.

These two young men were kindred spirits, and had become intimate since the defence of the North Mole had brought them into public notice, and made them acquainted with each other. Thus I saw a good deal of Tschogoloff at the count's house, and thought that I could perceive a decided admiration, bordering on awe, with which he regarded Miss Potocki. To no purpose, alas! she seemed quite unconscious of exciting any such feelings in him,

and was evidently absorbed in thoughts of one who, though miles away, was ever present to her recollections. She often led the conversation on Riazan, and evinced great interest regarding my messmates in general, in their future fate and prospects; and I could often see how she verged on *certain* subjects, and had a name on her lips she would have uttered but *could not*. I spoke of each of my messmates in turn, and thus had an opportunity of satisfying her desire to hear *his* name on whom she thought, without apparently trusting me with her secret.

Poor Tschogoloff! all his gallantry and devotion were lost upon her! his heart might have been as bright as any gem in Rusland, but it was unfortunately badly set in an unprepossessing exterior, and this has marred the prospects of many a hero in the eyes of the fair sex.

As to Miss Alfreda, I confess that during the happy time I spent with this amiable family, little conversation passed between us. My re-



verence for the dear little creature was such, that I really believe it would have been painful to have been left *tête-à-tête* with her, for I feel persuaded that I should not have been able to utter one word !

When, at times, in offering her a flower, my hand touched hers, I felt a palpitation that was truly oppressive. She seemed never weary of listening to her sister's or governess's conversation with me, and I became eloquent with a happy conviction that what I said was approved by one whose good opinion I so much prized !

When I dined at the count's this first afternoon, young Tschogoloff was at table, and I saw that he felt wretched. What was glory worth to him, without the approving smile of beauty ? I heard all the details of the meeting that morning, and was glad that matters had been settled satisfactorily.

I quite missed the Khan, whom I expected to see at the count's table, but he had been prevented from coming by some business matter. I now first learned the determination of Tscho-

goloff to join the garrison at Sevastopol, and thought I perceived an agitation within him, that would lead him to acts of bravery and desperation, for which he would certainly distinguish himself, if he were not cut off in the hour of battle. How much success in life depends on extraneous causes, and how many a hero, lost to fame, is cut off while contending for that smile, without which life would be but a burden!

"Oh Fame! if e'er I took delight in thy praises  
'Twas less for the sake of thy high sounding phrases,  
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover,  
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee,  
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee,  
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,  
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory!"

Young Potocki was very ardent in his aspirations after glory; and hearing of Tschogoloff's promotion, he, poor fellow, wished to accompany him. I observed him intent in conversation with his friend all the evening, and I guessed the subject of his earnestness.



It was as to how he could be put on the staff of some general, or how he could manage to get over to Sevastopol with his newly acquired commission in the army.

He need have given himself no trouble about the means to be used, for the very next day orders came from the Emperor, for his corps to proceed in forced marches, as the vanguard of Osten-Sacken's division; and three days after I took leave of my ardent friend—never more to see him on this side of the grave. He fell—bravely fighting at the battle of Alma; and I have received, since my arrival in England, a letter from young Tscho-goloff, giving the details of their journey over-land—by way of Perekop—to Simpheropol and Sevastopol. Those who would be interested in the particulars, I refer to the letter itself, which they will find at the end of this volume.

Miss Kingsford, who was always very neat in her attire, was, I fancied, even more so than usual on this evening: and though she talked freely to me, her eyes were on the door, as if

she expected to see some one enter. She was doomed, however, to disappointment.

The young ladies were as amiable as ever, and after I had had a game of chess with their father (at which they assisted and took particular interest), they favoured me with some delicious music. Towards the end of the evening I succeeded, at last, in persuading Miss Kingsford to sing. She had previously excused herself, and as she now rose to comply, her cheek was pale, and her voice trembled in the few words she addressed to me. I had asked her for an *English* song, for we had heard Russian, French, and Italian of all kinds, and she assented, giving particular expression to the following plaintive words:—

“ I do not ask to offer thee—  
A timid love like mine ;  
I lay it, as the rose is laid—  
On some immortal shrine.

I have no hope in loving thee,  
I only ask to love ;  
I brood upon my silent heart—  
As on its nest the dove.



But little have I been beloved,  
Sad silent and alone!—  
And yet I feel, in loving thee,  
The wide world is mine own.

Thine is the name I breathe to Heaven,—  
Thy face is on my sleep;—  
I only ask that love like this,  
May pray for thee and weep!"

It would be impossible for me to express the many thoughts that crossed my mind on this occasion: all the listeners were affected,—no one spoke,—we scarcely breathed; and the last words, sung with *still deeper* pathos, died off in the stillness occasioned by our deep emotion. The company soon after dispersed to their various apartments, with the simple formalities of wishing each other "good night."

## CHAPTER XV.

Taken aback by a "thundering review" in the "Times"—Russian justice—A visit to the opera—Anecdote of a lady at Odessa—The expensive habits of the fair sex there—Ahmed Effendi—The Turkish sailors much neglected by their government—Fact related—A "Cusa" described—His ideas of the opera as an entertainment.

I HAD written thus much of the reminiscences of my stay at Odessa, and rose, one morning, to resume my work, when, looking into the "Times" newspaper, I saw a "thundering" review of the "English Prisoners in Russia." Now, as I could but confirm all Lieut. Royer has declared regarding the universal kindness of everybody in Russia evinced towards us, my natural conclusion was, that I had better put my MS. into the fire, rather than expose



myself to similar abuse. But, recollecting that there are two sides to a question, and that the great success of Lieut. Royer's book (having just then run through six editions of a thousand each) was one proof that *everybody* did not regard it in such an unfavourable light, I resolved to persevere to the end, with the determination of merely sticking to the truth, and relating nothing but facts. "*Veritas virtus est et prævalebit.*" Besides, I thought that being a much younger man than Lieut. Royer, if I should be called "green," it would not much matter. The lieutenant often speaks sarcastically; and yet so far from giving him credit for proper appreciation of the kindness he received, he is accused of being deceived by the wiles of the enemy! The fact is, that the indignation we naturally feel at all the horrors of the present war, has induced the "Times" (in its desire to represent the public feeling) to discharge its spleen, and fulminate its anger, on one who was only relating details, which people might be glad to hear, without

entering into *motives*, with which the facts have nothing to do.

The "Times" as often leads, as it represents, the public judgment; therefore, as soon as this giant paper declared itself against this successful publication, several small periodicals took up the subject, having waited to see which way the "cat jumped," and then set to, on the principle of "hit him hard, he has no friends!"

But it may be all very well for a periodical to adapt itself and its writings to the caprices of its readers, who want one thing to-day and another the next. I have nothing to do with this; I merely write that which has occurred to me, and lay it before the public at as cheap a rate as possible, and if, after the perusal of my book any gentle reader should fancy that he has not had his money's worth of amusement, I have no doubt he will get some one to take the book at a discount, and thus assist its circulation. With this proviso I resume my narrative.

The next day (17th) I had occasion to pay



some visits to Baron Rollsberg, General Osten-Sacken, and Count Ceschini. For this purpose (in order to avoid walking in the dust which, at Odessa, is as suffocating in summer as the mud is troublesome in winter), I engaged a droshki. On returning home I paid the man what I considered to be something more than his fare; he was rather sullen and uncivil, and required some more kopecs. Unfortunately, just at that moment I espied, passing in the street near my door, a commissary of police, and am sorry to say that I applied to him. He quietly ordered the man to the station, which was not many paces round the corner, and requested me to attend. When we entered, he coldly asked me what it was that I complained of, and I was constrained to say, "Incivility, with a demand for more than the fare." He first requested me to give the man what he had demanded, and then ordered the soldiers to take him into the courtyard and administer to him fifty lashes of the knout. As it may be imagined, this termination of the affair caused

me much regret and pain, but it was of no use my interceding. The commissary, in reply to my prayers to let the man off this once, replied, "No, sir, let justice take its course, by maintaining the law in all its rigour two objects are gained; the one, that an example is made of the driver, and the other, that I am not likely to be so often called upon, by trivial futile complaints, to execute the law."

In the evening I went to the Opera. Every family of any distinction has a box here, and visits are paid and received in these boxes, and count as much as if made at the residence of each individual. I here had an opportunity of ingratiating myself with many persons to whom I was introduced. I was much amused by the careless *nonchalant* air of a lady, who may as well be nameless. She was a Frenchwoman, the wife of a doctor who had resided some years at Odessa, and was very well off. I had been introduced to her some time before, and seen the lady at parties. As I entered their box, I found a young Turk, "Ahmed Effendi," and



her husband, and on the latter leaving us rather brusquely, she exclaimed, "Never mind my husband, he gets the dumps sometimes, and is then not over polite. But it does not signify, come and see me at home. I shall be glad to receive your visits. The best time is between one and three, when he goes his rounds." Now I firmly believe and maintain, that the lady meant nothing wrong by this extraordinary speech; I feel persuaded that she thought she was only saying a thing in course of common politeness, and that her only object was to have gentlemen to call and dissipate her *ennui*, by wiling away a few hours in conversation, chess, &c., of an afternoon. I merely state this fact as characteristic of the kind of freedom from restraint which the ladies enjoy at Odessa.

This latter place is indeed as like as possible to an European city, in all the freedom of intercourse between the sexes, and in the enjoyment of the newly invented adjuncts to the necessities that civilization has engendered.

All the ladies must have their carriages and attendants. Their lace and bonnets must come direct from Paris, with the last fashions; and their dresses must be of the richest texture; and as to the trimmings, they must be of the most unquestionable gentility!

Ahmed Effendi, whom I had frequently met in society, was a prisoner like myself, on parole, and there was no likelihood of his breaking it, for he certainly was better off as a prisoner than he would have been had he been free, and serving on board a Turkish man-of-war. In this situation the salary that is allotted to a man is never paid, and though living in the midst of abundance, he is often suffered to be without the necessaries of life.

Whilst the fleets of the allied powers were at Constantinople, they lay along side of the Turkish squadron, and as every article of luxury was bought up, and the price of provisions quadrupled, the poor Turkish sailors were left almost to starve in the middle of plenty, glad if they could get a little biscuit



and some olives, with an occasional dish of boiled beans or lentils. As for their pay they must sacrifice thirty to forty per cent. to get any of it at all, through the mercenary Armenian money-changers, who consider they are doing them a favour to charge only twelve per cent. for interest.

But to return to Ahmed Effendi. He was kindly treated, found in everything he required, and allowed to visit the first people in the city, who received him hospitably and with generous feeling. He was a wretched little man in appearance, one of the degenerate race, of whom you see too many in Constantinople, thin and lank in face and body, and whose bandy legs are now rendered more conspicuous in the ridiculous costume they have adopted, and which they consider as a fair imitation of the European dress; their coats are made without a seam in the back, and this brings their awkward high shoulders and their arms more into notice; and they wear no waistcoat, although this "buttoned-up coat" is generally left open

to show their dirty coloured cotton shirt, covered by a little short scant beard of two or three inches in length, which is generally red, with very bare cheeks. This race is called by the Turks "Cusa," and is considered to be the cleverest of all the family tribe of Tartaric breed.

They are certainly not deficient in the appreciation of what may lead to their own advantage, and generally being weakly, turn their attention to the pen, become effendis, and thus as scribes, worm their way into the favour of some great man, through whose influence they are enabled to obtain places for those who pay them most; often taking a bribe from several, although aware that only one can succeed through their intrigues to obtain the nomination postulated.

Ahmed Effendi had been sent to France, had learned a little French, and had served three years on board a French man-of-war. He was now considered competent to rise in the service, and had been sent as secretary to



one of the commanders who had fallen in the battle of Sinope. Ahmed Effendi was taken with a few others, as they were making the best of their way to the shore, and thus fell into the hands of the Russians, who really treated him very humanely.

I used to see him at all the parties, and although he had never been able to adopt the feelings of a gentleman, he had at least the outward semblance of a quiet, harmless individual, which was all that was required to ensure him protection and polite attention.

I was much amused at the conclusion of the opera (which was really very fairly executed), when I asked him how he liked it? "Eh kardash," said he, "it is all very well, but at the end of it we go home, and there remains nothing in our hand for our money."

## CHAPTER XVI.

The Greek churches — Service described — Russian choral music—Disappointment—The public gardens —Their verdure refreshing to the eye—The gay season of Odessa—The gaiety of the promenade scene.

DURING my residence at Odessa I had several opportunities of visiting the churches. The service does not last more than three-quarters of an hour; and during this time the male part of the congregation stand, with the exception of a few of the primates, who have elbow chairs fixed against the wall, on which they sit, whilst appearing to stand. There are only half a dozen on each side of the screen, behind which is the altar-piece. From side doors in the screen the priest comes forward, accompanied by young boys, who hand the



censer to him ; this instrument he balances, first to the right three times, and then to the left three times, imitating the shape of a cross ; then, going through this ceremony, the third time, towards the mass of the congregation in the centre of the church, he pronounces a blessing, while they all bend down their uncovered heads, stooping forward, and making the sign of the cross. After this he holds a large book in both his hands, and chants a portion of the Evangelist, in Greek, to the listening congregation.

The ladies are in a gallery up stairs (invisible), and all they see is through a trellised work that faces the screen at the west end of the church.

After this a chant, unaccompanied by any instrument, is executed, whilst the head priest retires behind the screen. This performance is exquisite of its kind, and the voices are so arranged in unison that there is every appearance of the low notes of an organ, and the high notes of a flute, accompanying the sweet bari-

tone voices of some of the men. The band form in a row of five-and-twenty on each side, between the screen and the seats of the primates.

After the chant the priest comes forward to perform the same ceremony with the incense-burners, and to give his blessing. The only words you hear pronounced by the people during the service are, "Kyrie eleison," and "Amen;" and, having crossed themselves three times whilst bending towards the altar, the congregation retire, covering their heads as they leave the porch. The young men stand on each side to see the ladies leave, bowing to their acquaintance, in acknowledgment of the smile of recognition from the fair sex, and often pairing off with them on their way down the street, to accompany them either home, or at least part of the way.

On this Sunday I had hoped to have seen the count and his family, but I was disappointed as they did not attend. I called in the afternoon, and accompanied the ladies to



the grand promenade, which is in front of the city, on the cliff, where there are gardens and a square, in the midst of which stands the statue of the Duc de Richelieu, who has done so much for the city of Odessa.

These public gardens are a source of some expense, as the trees will not grow on the chalky soil so injurious to their roots, thus large pits have to be dug and filled up with soil adapted to the kind of tree that is to be planted therein! The appearance of these gardens, however, has a double charm in this barren part of the country, and the eye delights to rest on a little verdure when fatigued by the gray light reflected from the houses, and the dust which pervades the air in summer.

This was the gay season for Odessa. All the rich land proprietors come from the interior to make the best bargain they can for the produce of their land. At these seasons they receive immense sums in anticipation of their next harvest, and the property often changes hands from the inveterate habits they

have of gambling. The rich here, more than elsewhere, vie with each other in their extravagancies; and I was often struck with the number of elegant carriages, filled with ladies dressed in the first fashions of the day. Gentlemen in all kinds of costumes, not unlike those which are represented in the tailors' books of fashions. Officers in uniforms, some on horseback, others sauntering with ladies on their arm, to whom they appear to be whispering sweet "nothings;" whilst the bands belonging to the different regiments, or the huge organ, are playing Italian music, so much loved in Odessa; and all this at a moment when the cool of the evening throws a charm over the whole scene, which is enlivened by a bright sky and the gilded rays of a setting sun!

On this occasion I was particularly happy, and thought that life certainly had charms which compensated for the many ills it also claims.

The next day (19th) young Potocki left with Tschogoloff for Sevastopol, in company



with their regiments. For the account of their ultimate fate, I cannot do better than again refer the reader to the Appendix of this book, in which he will find the letter from the lieutenant, which speaks its own tale.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Baron Rollsberg's party—General Osten-Sacken's kindness — Baroness Osten-Sacken's maternal interest evinced in me—Gambling prohibited in Russia—Faraon game described—A great gambler—To what extent gambling is sometimes carried in private societies.

ON the 22nd of June Baron Rollsberg gave a large party, to which I was invited. The ball was most magnificent! As his excellency is a bachelor, he had requested one of the ladies of General Annenkoff's family to do the honours.

At this party, I was surprised by General Osten-Sacken coming up to me, with a letter in his hand. He tapped me on the shoulder, and drawing me on one side, said, "Come here: I have a letter for you; do not mind the people, but sit down and read it." It was



from my mother, who was naturally anxious about me, and it gave me all the details of family matters, which his excellency naturally expected I should be anxious to read. Later in the evening, Madame Osten-Sacken sent and called me to her, and inquired particularly after my mother, and whether I was informed in my letter, that her apprehensions were appeased on my account. I could not but deeply feel the kind interest this excellent lady evinced in us all; and I assured her that I believed my family were not uneasy about me, as, having lived in Russia so many years, they knew well what gentle hearts are to be found therein. I felt, however, quite softened by this kind sympathy, and shall always be proud to express my gratitude to all who will hear me,—let editors of papers say and write what abuse they please of me.

As gambling is strictly forbidden by the Russian government, there was only dancing going on at Baron Rollsberg's party. But before I left Odessa, I assisted at several as-

semblies where the "Faraon" is the general amusement of the evening. This game is happily so little known in England, that perhaps a short description of it may not be unacceptable to the reader.

A long table is laid with the cards from one to ten—placed in a row upon it, followed by knave, king, queen. A dealer sits in front, with a pack of cards in his hands: this dealer represents the bank, which holds all odds against the whole company. The latter lay the sum they have decided upon along side of the cards they fancy;—the cards are cut, then the dealer calls aloud as he turns up, "The five loses, and the seven gains;" and to those who have laid on the seven, he pays the amount they staked, and draws the sums standing by number five as his profits. You are allowed to bet on the three first and the three last cards collectively, and you gain or lose accordingly, as each is called. For instance: if the two cards turned up, are declared thus, "The two loses, and the queen gains;" then of those who have staked on



the ace, two, or three (collectively), *all* lose ; and those who staked on knave, king, or queen (collectively), win ; and in order to have no mistake on either side of the row, there is an ace to represent the three first cards, and a knave to represent the three court cards.

The advantage of the bank is, that it claims all double cards : that is, for instance, if the dealer cried, " The nine gains, and the nine loses," the money on the nine would be appropriated by the bank ; and this, *where many are betting* is of sufficient advantage to render the bank, generally, a safe concern.

But when there are few betters I have generally seen that the bank loses. There was one inveterate player who used to get some one to turn the cards for him, and then bet against his own bank, solely for the pleasure of trying to make it fail. It was true, that what he lost in one way he gained in another ; but his object was merely to satisfy his love for speculating on the chances of the game. He had gained in one winter £10,000, at Alexandria,

and came here to live, with a determination of renouncing his evil ways ; but the love of play was too strong in him, and he fell back into his old habits, and was now frittering away his fortune.

Such is the rage for gambling, that I was assured that ladies sometimes stake the furniture of their house, which, when they lose, is taken away the next day : and in one case, a lady assured me, that some friends, then staying with her, were in that predicament, and were waiting till their husbands could manage to furnish another house for them to inhabit !



## CHAPTER XVIII.

The Mazurka—The Cotillon described—Exclusive habits of the English—Coquetry of the dance—Unexpected distinction—Another visit to the count—Arrival of the “Fury”—Exchange of prisoners—Disappointment of an assistant-surgeon who has to remain behind—Return home.

THE principal dance in vogue at Odessa is the mazurka ; but, always towards the end of the evening, and particularly after supper, a cotillon is danced. This dance will never, I suspect, be introduced into England. It requires that every one in the room should be a good waltzer, and the exclusive habits of the nation are against it. I will endeavour to give my readers an idea of this dance.

The company, or rather such as have determined to dance it, pair off, and stand all round

the room. Then the first two pairs start off, and make one turn round the room, while the whole of the others are looking on. They stop in the middle of the room, when two ladies go and choose, promiscuously, two gentlemen, and the gentlemen two ladies each. The partners next meet, and present the ladies to the gentlemen, and all twelve *pair off*, taking one turn only round the room. Each gentleman waltzes with the lady to her place, where he leaves her, and returns to his post.

The third and fourth pairs then go through this figure, and so on till all have gone through it. It is then changed to another: for instance, the first pair waltz round the room once, then the gentleman places the lady in a chair in the centre. He offers a gentleman to her, whom, perhaps, she refuses; the rejected one must stand behind her chair, and another is presented, to meet the same fate; and so on, perhaps, for half a dozen, should the lady be exigeante; till, at last, she fixes upon one, accepts him, and rising, makes one turn round the



room with him. He waltzes with her to her post, makes his bow, and returns to *his post*. In the meanwhile, her partner and the rejected gentlemen, each goes and chooses a lady from among the party, and making one turn round the room, resumes his place. This dance throws the whole company among each other, and enlivens the party; but I fear that it would be considered objectionable by the English, and will never become popular. With all our many admirable habits and customs, there are a stiffness and restraint about the people of this country, which arise, perhaps, from their insular position: we really seem to look upon every man with suspicion until *introduced*.

I have seen persons sit by the side of each other at a party the whole evening, and abstain from conversation, solely because the mistress of the house had not gone through the formalities required by the exigences of society.

Now, this dance gives the ladies an oppor-

tunity of evincing a little harmless coquetry, and I recollect there was one lady who was considered the belle of Odessa. She was much admired by everybody, and so much run after that I suspected she could not but be vain. I therefore treated her with respectful indifference. She must have been piqued at this, for, as I was standing among the lookers-on, who generally form a large number of gentlemen in the centre of the lower part of the room, I saw the crowd pierced, as it were, by her separating the gentlemen to the right and left, till she came up to me. I was little dreaming of the honour awaiting me, and had to throw down my hat, and start off in the waltz with her, which I did, taking her back to her post, and then I made my bow of thanks, and retired.

I passed a great deal of my time in amusements, and had the happiness of being invited again to Count Potocki's country-seat; where I was indeed the happiest of the happy, and

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where I saw a great deal of the Khan, whose time of departure for the Crimea had not yet arrived.

As the delineating any private emotions of my own, is not the object of this work, I shall refrain from troubling the reader with any account of my second visit; and proceed at once to notice the exchange of prisoners, which took place on Monday, the 10th July. The "Fury" brought the Russian prisoners, and placed them in rank on one side of the cliff; whilst the crew of the "Tiger" stood on the other. As each man's name was called, he stepped forth, and was exchanged for one of the Russians of his rank, and thus, the ceremony performed, we were marched off to the boats.

One poor fellow (an assistant-surgeon) had been exchanged with the rest; he had taken his things, and was actually stepping into the boat, when it was discovered that he had been exchanged against a mariner instead of one of his rank, and the poor fellow had to return and

submit to the disappointment of being left with the twenty-seven that yet remained. We proceeded in the "Fury" to join the admiral. The men were transferred to different ships in the fleet, but the officers were shipped on board a packet for Portsmouth, where we arrived, delighted to return to the shores of freedom, of which every Englishman is so justly proud.

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## APPENDIX.

Tschögoloff's letter—Announces the death of Auguste Potocki in the battle of Alma—Journey to Sevastopol by way of Perekop—Rest one day at Kherson—Then at Perekop, and proceed by night to Lushin—Arrival at Simpheropol—Proceeds after the battle of Alma into Sevastopol—Communicates with General Nachimoff—The Russian escort surprised by the English army—Lord Cardigan and Captain Maude—Menshikoff's carriage—Sent to Constantinople—Political conclusions of a Russian—Private matters in conclusion.

THIS is a translation of the letter to which I referred in the work, Chapter XVI. It is dated—

Constantinople, October, 5, 1854.

DEAR JULIAN,

I WRITE to you under a sense of oppression from grief, in which I am sure you will participate. Our dear friend, Auguste, is no more !

he died fighting bravely for his Emperor. The account is a sad one, but short. At the battle of Alma, when the flag of the enemy was being planted on the top of the Telegraph Tower, poor Auguste, following his natural impulse of bravery, stepped out of the ranks, and cut down the flag-bearer,—only, in his turn, to be cut down by a powerful opponent. I was myself, at that time, engaged, by order of our general, to recall his company, but arrived too late to avert the fate of my young friend. Peace to his soul! His was indeed a career of glory nipped in the bud!

Our journey to Sevastopol was most hurried, and we underwent much suffering; but he bore up with every privation without the appearance of being even incommoded by it.

As there were not enough horses for the whole company, we walked as long as we could: some wore out their shoes, and on being provided with new ones, if they happened not to fit, they became lame, and had to hobble on as well as they could.



With the exception of biscuits, we had no other provisions with us. Our greatest privation, however, was the want of water. To remedy this in some respect, we had carts, laden with skins filled with such water as could be procured, and which was sparingly allotted to each man during the day, as he required it. The length of our day's journey was generally ten leagues, at the end of which we found a relay of horses to take us on. After a rest of four hours, the horses from the first stage were sent back to fetch up our remaining troops, and assist in drawing other carts with them: thus from stage to stage, walking along with the carts, and never stopping, except for a few hours at each stage, we came by forced marches to Perekop. We had one day allowed us to rest at Kherson, and this time we spent in sleep; indeed some of the men dropped off to sleep in the boats, as they were ferried over to Aleshki. At Perekop we stayed three days, waiting the arrival of the remainder of our companies. From Perekop

we were marched to Lushin during the night, and allowed to remain quiet under the shade of the walls during the following day. We next proceeded by night to Alibar. My poor companion was as lively and as full of spirits as if he was going to a review.

We duly reached Simpheropol; here Auguste and I were furnished with good but small Tartar horses, and I was put on the staff of the general-in-chief.

Poor Auguste met his death as I have described. They say that his head was cut in two with a guardsman's sword, so that his sufferings were not long. I only regret that we could not get his body, to render to it the last duties of a surviving brother officer.

I was ordered into Odessa, with commands to communicate with General Nachimoff, and to bring the general-in-chief's carriage and effects. Some troops were to escort the baggage of the army, and these were to take up their headquarters on the heights between Simpheropol and Bakche-sarai, in order to be able to



harass the invading army. I proceeded forthwith to execute the commission intrusted to me. On leaving Sevastopol, with an escort of about ten thousand men, we were suddenly surprised at half-past two o'clock in the afternoon by meeting with a large body of English. I did what I could to stay the general terror of the men, but the demoralizing effect of the recent battle was upon them, and, unlike Russian soldiers, they fled after a short contest, in which I had my left arm broken by a ball from a minié rifle. I turned my horse to follow, and it fell pierced with several balls; before I could recover my footing I was a prisoner!

Lord Cardigan (whose prisoner I am) was in command of the 8th Hussars, and Captain Maude, with the Horse Artillery, drove our troops off and secured the general-in-chief's carriage.

I find that the papers wanted to make the people in England believe that this carriage was taken at the battle of Alma; but this is in-

correct. Nor is it likely that the carriage of our commander-in-chief should have been left behind when we were in a state to carry off all our guns on retreating. But such is the love people have for exaggerated accounts, that the periodicals are often obliged to border on the marvellous to suit the taste of their readers. I was transferred to the fleet, and sent to Constantinople, whence I am to pass to Odessa, to be exchanged for some of the remaining officers of the "Tiger." Such is the fate of war!

My good fellow, I am happy in being able to write to you. I procured your address here from one of the officers, who said he knew you. My arm had a compound fracture, but I trust it will heal, and that I shall not lose the use of it. I hope that peace will soon be restored, and that I may never again be called upon to fight against you. This is, believe me, the wish of the nation generally; and had England and France agreed to a partition of Turkey, there would



have been no necessity for all this bloodshed. As it is, they will be compelled, after all, to take possession of the country between them, to the exclusion of Russia; and our government will doubtless consider themselves unjustly treated; and if it cannot compete against the two nations, it will at least keep a large force on the frontiers, which will harass their troops, and compel England and France to maintain an army in the East, the expenses of which will be far greater than the value of their acquisitions.

These countries are valueless in the hands of their present possessors, and it is only right that they should be ruled by some civilized nation.

But I will not dilate on politics; let us return to a more tangible and interesting subject.

Dear Julian, how shall I tell you of what passes in my mind day and night? Often when unable to sleep from the pain of my wound, I have raved over the sad disappointments of my life! You will perhaps say that

I should conquer a feeling of affection towards one who has not corresponded to my expressions of love? I try to do so, and I sometimes succeed, but the maddening thought occasionally returns to tear my heart asunder, and assuages, by the contrast, my pain of body.

I shall see the Potockis soon perhaps. Have you no message to send them? Nothing for the youngest? Eh? You see I have divined your secret, although you no doubt thought it enclosed safe in your innermost breast. God bless you! Let me hear from you as soon as you receive this; but you must write under cover to some one, as I cannot trust your letters to bear the inspection of the post-office authorities in my country.

TSCHOGOLOFF.



This is the letter, such as I have received it, and I should not have laid it before the public (as it might have injured the writer), were it not, alas ! that he is beyond the reach of all human harm, having died at Constantinople some time since. It appears that his arm mortified, and the wound being too near the shoulder, the operation of amputation was impossible, and in a few days he sank under the evil and died !

When I received this letter I was laid up with a return of the fever (of which I had had but one attack at Odessa), and after reading the letter through I dropped off to sleep. I dreamt that I had become an admiral, and had received orders to bombard Odessa ; that I was there on the poop, fusee in hand, waiting to fire the first gun, that I watched a little boat which had gone on shore, to the south of the town. It was to take off an old man with three ladies and some children, all in deep mourning. As soon as they left the shore, the signal was given, and the roaring of the

guns awoke me, to find myself but a middy attached to the "Victory," with an impending court-martial hanging over me, for the loss of the "Tiger!"

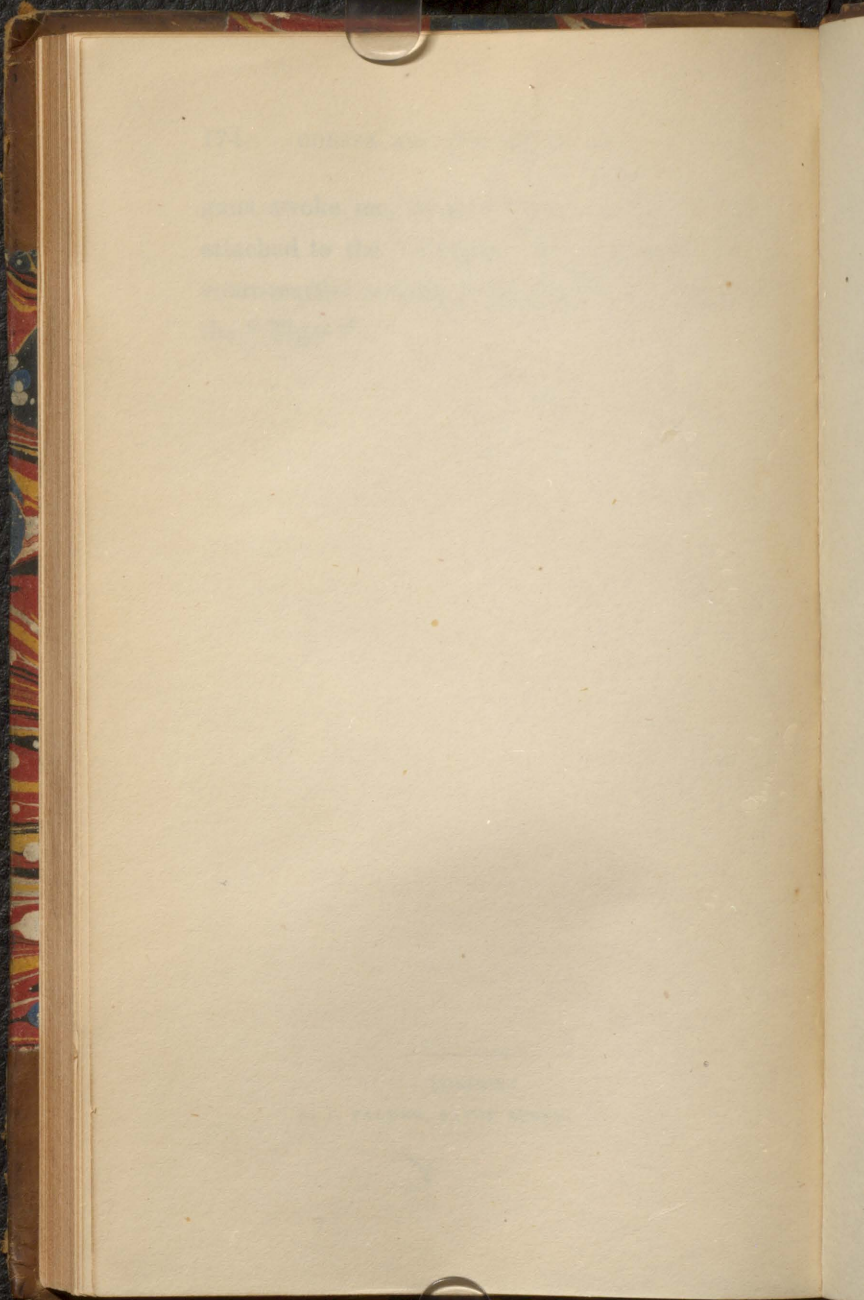
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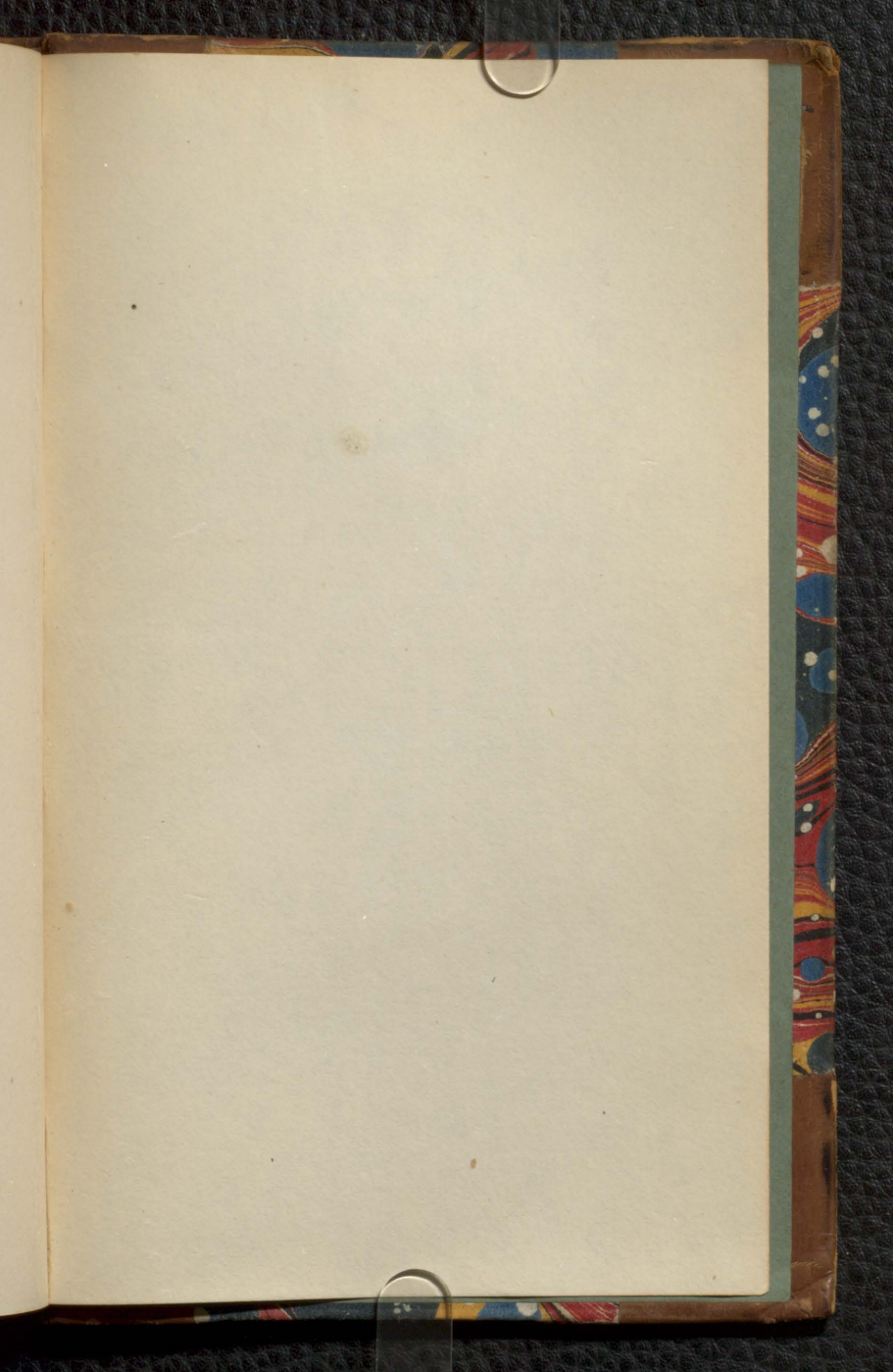
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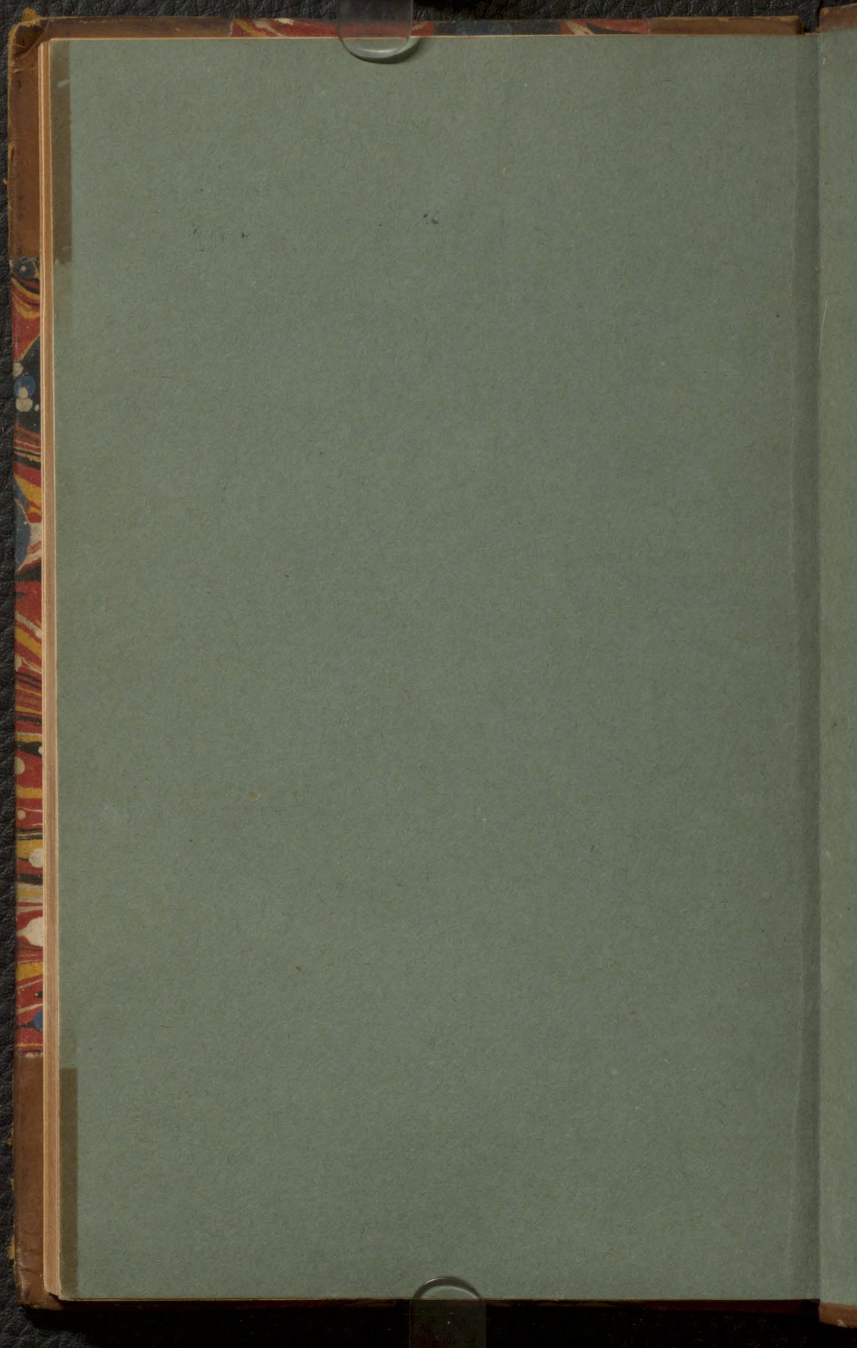


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